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# The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 353.—Vol. XXVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 7, 1910 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

"I HAVE TOUCH'D THE HIGHEST POINT OF ALL MY GREATNESS"

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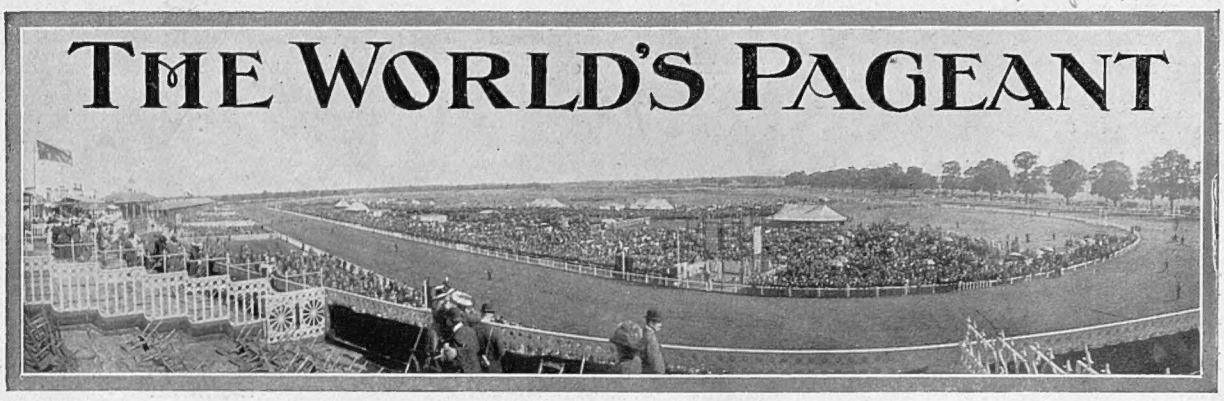
# THE WORLD'S PAGEANT



*Photograph*] **The St. Leger Course at Doncaster** [*Sport and General*

To-day, Wednesday, will be fought out the last of the classics, the St. Leger, on the Town Moor at Doncaster. A number of well-known people are entertaining in the neighbourhood

### The Court at Windsor

THE King and Queen, with their children, are to come South during the first week in October in order to take leave of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who sail for South Africa on board the *Balmoral Castle* (Commodore Wemyss in command) on the tenth of that month. Their Majesties will then take up residence at Windsor Castle, where, except for short visits to Sandringham for the shooting, and perhaps for Christmas, they will remain until, early next year, they enter into possession at Buckingham Palace. Windsor residents are delighted at the prospect of having Royalty in their midst for so protracted a period. Their ancient borough has for so many years now been Royal in name only, for Queen Victoria never hesitated to express her dislike for the place, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra also used it on State and official occasions only.

The Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, who are the principal host and hostess for the Doncaster Week at their beautiful home, Wentworth Woodhouse, Rotheram, a view of which is given above

*Photograph* *Dickinson*

### Queen Alexandra

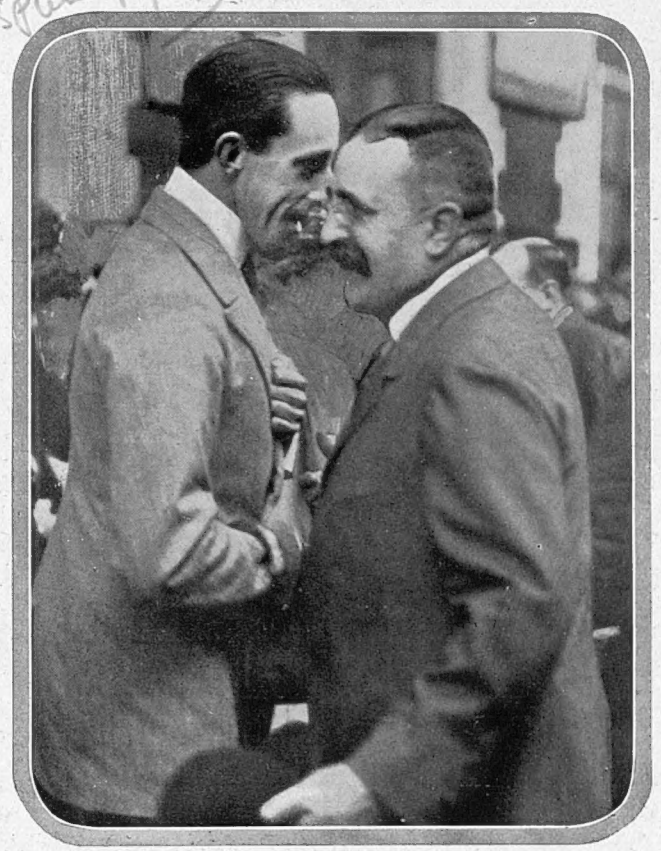
Since her arrival at Sandringham Queen Alexandra has a little relaxed the strict seclusion observed during the first days of her widowhood, and has made several of those small excursions to which she has always been much addicted. Her Majesty has once or twice visited her bungalow on the sea at Snettisham, and has also driven in to Cromer to take tea with Lady Musgrave, while Castle Rising, Lord Farquhar's King's Lynn seat, was the objective of another afternoon's outing. Princess Victoria or Miss Knollys always accompany the Queen on her drives, and her youngest and favourite nephew—Prince Christopher of Greece—is still her guest. I am told that Queen Alexandra's departure from Buckingham Palace, carried out on the anniversary of the late King's coronation, was a very sad function. The Royal lady said good-bye personally to every member of the huge household—some two hundred or so souls—shaking hands with everyone, and saying a few gentle words of gratitude and farewell to all those with whom she had personally come in contact.

### The Prince of Wales

We all knew, of course, that the Prince of Wales had been promoted to a place among the Royal guns—he is being taught to shoot by King Edward's loader, the man who led poor Cæsar in the Royal funeral procession—but his Royal Highness's latest portrait, depicting him as a very well-groomed young man in immaculate tweed suit, "wing" collar, "clocked" socks and patent shoes, came, nevertheless, as something of a shock. One, somehow, pictured him still a small, but serious and slightly preoccupied "middy," and forgot that if his Royal Highness is successfully to accomplish the myriad plans laid out for him during the next few years—Sandhurst, Oxford, a trip round

*Photograph* *Thomson*

the world, etc., etc.—the sooner he puts on the habits of a man the better. The task of choosing friends for the heir to the throne is one fraught always with deep anxiety—the parents of King Edward spent months of anxious thought on the matter. At present however, the Prince of Wales's most intimate friends are two of the boys among whom he has grown up—Lord Wendover, the cricketing son of Lord Carrington, and Mr. Edward Knollys, the studious, Eton boy, heir of Lord Knollys.



**"Such a Jolly Time in England!"**
King Alfonso greets Señor Canalejas the Spanish Premier at Hendaya. His Majesty seems to be on excellent terms with his much-abused minister

**The Doncaster Week**

To-day we all go racing on the Town Moor at Doncaster, and let us hope that the meeting may be favoured with fine weather, but I am not at all confident this year. The weather seems past praying for. There are several large house-parties round about the district, the most important being that held by Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse. The Duchess of Newcastle has friends with her at Clumber, and all will motor to the races. Lord and Lady Scarborough have a few friends at Sandbeck Park, including Lord Savile, who last week was shooting in great form at Wemmergill with Mr. Charles Hunter's party. Lord and Lady Galway are bringing about sixteen people from Sully Hall to Doncaster to-day, and their guests include Lord and Lady Nunburnholme, Priscilla, Lady Annesley, Mr. Wyndham and Lady Rosemary Portal, Sir Alan and Lady Johnstone, Lady Portal, mother of Mr. Wyndham Portal, and Mr. George Monckton, but not Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Skeffington Smyth, as the two latter are abroad. Lord and Lady Lonsdale have taken a house near the course, and Captain Harry Greer is with them. Men, I may mention, are rejoicing that they need not wear London clothes and tall hats this year.

**The Spanish Premier with the Queen Mother Awaiting King Alfonso's Arrival at the Frontier Town of Hendaya**
The photograph shows Señor Canalejas reading, while waiting in the railway station at Hendaya, a letter written by King Alfonso to his mother

**The Kylemore Parties**

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester have been entertaining very large parties at Kylemore Castle, their beautiful place in Connemara, and three or four days a week they go fishing in the Atlantic from their steam yacht. Kylemore Castle was built some years ago by Mr. Mitchell Henry, who spent a fortune on it. The situation is perfectly lovely, but some of the rooms are terribly damp owing to their proximity to the mountain, which is just at the back of the castle.

**Canalejas and his King**

King Alfonso is home again, and, judging from the picture on this page, is on very good terms with his leading Minister. Señor Canalejas is having a very troublous time, thanks to the violent enthusiasms of his supporters, and it is doubtful if he will retain office for very long. His is hardly the pacifist nature, and it is notorious that but for what the Vatican considered gross disrespect negotiations between the Spanish Government and the Pope would never have been broken off. No man with any claim to the title of diplomat is ever rude to the Papacy. The oldest Court in the world is naturally the stronghold of etiquette and the *convenances*.

**Another Apology**

In what way a garden party may be used to assist national industries I have always wondered. In these days garden parties very rarely happen without an excuse. Bishops occasionally organise them without publicly apologising, but the ladies of the great world invariably add a note to their invitations to the effect that the entertainment is really being given to arouse interest in the Bermondsey Hostel, the Isle of Thanet Home Produce, or some similar brave and moral project. The Bute garden-party at Cardiff Castle was no exception to the rule. It was held in order to encourage Welsh industries. I suppose they, the industries, are feeling quite cheery this morning. I'm sure they are expected to.

# Cheering Up Welsh Industries

## THE GARDEN PARTY AT CARDIFF CASTLE

The Marquess of Bute (left)

Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart

The Marchioness of Bute and Viscount Tredegar

General View of the Garden Party: Tea on the Lawns

In the grounds of their beautiful castle at Cardiff, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute last Friday entertained a host of people at a garden party in aid of the Welsh Industries Association. The staple industries of Wales, we imagine, consist of mutton, Chancellors, leeks, and rarebits, and their production is expected to be largely increased by the success of this charming function

### Theatrical Awakenings

No less than five first nights enlivened the leaded hours last week. *The Eternal Question* (and, my faith, *what* a boring one !) opened the ball, with a series of shouts from every actor and actress in the caste, at the Garrick ; the Follies—Court Jesters to the City of London—were wildly welcomed at the Apollo ; *The Crisis*—a French one, duly bowdlerised by Mr. Besier—arrived at the New ; *Nobody's Daughter* was the occasion for the début of "Raffles" as a manager on his very own ; while at His Majesty's the intrepid Sir Manager produced *Henry VIII.* and Mr. Bourchier's beard, at a cost—*vide* the puffs prelim.—of something like £4,000 sterling per scene, of which there were eleven ! For this function well-known first-nighters turned up strongly and the presence in the stalls of Prince Francis of Teck, Lady Maud Warrender, Lord Winterton, Lady Brooke, and other well-known people proved that Town was not, after all, entirely empty.

### The Marriage of Lord Lovat

The 'verting of the youthful Miss Laura Lister, daughter of that most picturesque of peers, Lord Ribblesdale, to the Catholic Church takes place this month, and her marriage to Lord Lovat on October 10. The bridegroom is certainly the catch of the summer season, he has been so for several seasons past, and as he owns castles, titles, privileges, and other things galore, it will not matter that he is more than double the age of his bride, that young lady being scarcely yet emerged from the schoolroom. Miss Lister belongs both on her mother's and her father's side to that section of Society that spells with a great big "C" the wonderful word "Culture." Her wedding, therefore, will doubtless partake rather of the picturesque than the conventional.

*Photo Lallie Charles*

**Hon. Laura Lister**

Daughter of Lord Ribblesdale, who is engaged to marry Lord Lovat. She is joining the Catholic Church

*Photograph* *Dickinson*

**Col. Lord Lovat, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.**

The well-known Catholic Peer, who, on October 10, will marry the Hon. Laura Lister, daughter of Lord Ribblesdale

### America in London

Lord Lovat's huge Scottish seat—Beaufort Castle—re-echoes at present to the silvery sound of the American accent, the place, with its 22,000 acres of shooting being let to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, with such distinguished representatives of the Land of the Free as the Duchess of Marlborough and her younger son, and the Marquise de Ganay, in residence there. And, by the way, talking of Americans, I see that yet another has pitched her Crœsus' camp in Grosvenor Street, or that adjoining square, which will soon have to be renamed Fifth Avenue. Mrs. George Keppel, after spending thousands and thousands of pounds on altering and decorating a house, has decided not to use it after all. It has been taken by Mrs. Miller Graham, the widow of a Californian magnate, who first saw the social light two years ago at Marienbad, where the amazing magnificence of the simplest of her entertainments attracted King Edward's and everyone else's attention.

### The Dudleys at the Antipodes

The rumour persists that a new appointment is to be made to the Governor-Generalship of Australia, and it is thought highly probable that Mr. Asquith will nominate to the post Lord Pentland, son-in-law of his closest friend, Lord Aberdeen, and that the appointment will synchronise with the announcement of the resignation of Lord Aberdeen from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. Lord Dudley only went out to Australia last year, but both he and Lady Dudley have been in bad health ever since, and both miss rather more than they anticipated the amenities and interests of life in the Old World to which they belong. Lady Dudley, too, is anxious to bring up her numerous family in England, and Lord Dudley has declared his wish to re-enter the political arena at home.

### A Mediterranean Cruise

Mr. Winston Churchill returns to Town next week to take up his duties as Minister in Attendance on the King at Balmoral. He and his beautiful wife have been for the last month the guests of Baron de Forest, the young German who inherited the Worms millions, and whose yachting party in the Mediterranean has included, in addition to the Home Secretary, Mr. F. E. Smith. Mr. Churchill will, no doubt, take an early opportunity of seeing himself in the rôle of an English monarch at the Apollo Theatre.

# Pelissier's Potted Pageant

## THE FOLLIES' LATEST FRENZIED FROLIC AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

**The Prehistoric Episode**

Notice the real Pageant audience sitting in front. The horrific costumes were, it is understood, copied from old fashion plates of B.C. 182, but the Pelissian kilt—a common or garden "Welcome" mat—is of doubtful antiquity

**The Kings and Queens of England**

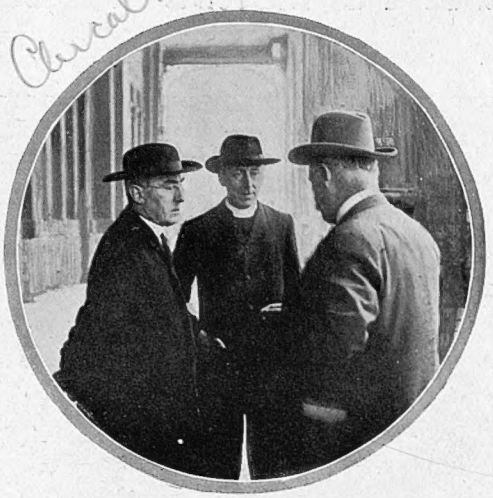
From left to right we see William the Conqueror (Mr. Lewis Sydney), King John (Mr. Morris Harvey), King Henry VIII. (Mr. H. G. Pelissier), Queen Elizabeth (Miss Gwennie Mars), King Shakespeare (Mr. Dan Everard), the late Queen Anne in mourning for herself (Miss Ethel Allandale), and King Winston Churchill, the present Monarch (Mr. Douglas McLaren)

**The Follies on Chargers (all ex-Derby winners)**

Mr. Lewis Sydney, the figure on the extreme left, suffered a bitter disappointment on the first night, inasmuch as his helmet had not arrived. To shield him from the fierce rays of the sun (A.D. 1201), he was compelled to wear a straw hat (A.D. 1910). Very thoughtfully he also provided a sun-bonnet for his mount, while the rider on the extreme right mercifully attached a nose-bag to her gee-gee's mouth in the absence of the Follies' chief, who is understood to be a veritable enthusiast for economy

### The Gentle Art of Making Enemies

The *Daily Mail*, which might have done a national service by publishing the facts as to the German works in the North Sea has promptly undone it by the tone in which Mr. William Maxwell has been writing his articles. It was enough to have published the facts. They were eloquent enough, in all conscience. But bitter gibes at the German Press, and wholesale imputations of aggressive motives may bring about conflict. The *Mail*, like the Bourbons, forgets nothing and leaves nothing. It was language of this very kind which made the Boer War inevitable. It was out of Carmelite House that came those inflammatory attacks on Kruger after the Jameson Raid, when decency demanded silence. To-day, it clothes all its news of the German movements with innuendo. Does it *want* a war with Germany? And does it *want* to be held privately responsible for the *consequences* thereof?



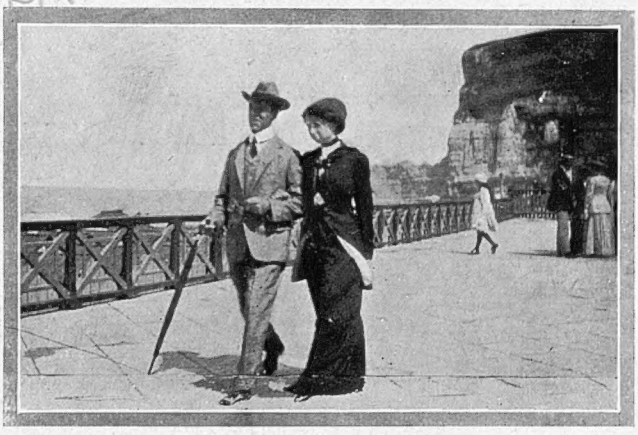
**Dr. Bourne, the Archbishop of Westminster (*left*) at Quebec before Leaving for Montreal for the Eucharistic Congress**

### British Sport, Ltd.

Every year on the 1st of September our sensibilities are shocked by the re-appearance of ugly columns on football in the daily papers. The particular measure of fury aroused thereby in the sportsman's heart necessarily varies, but it is safe to say that on Friday last the most reviled body in the kingdom was the Football Association, Ltd. Summer had threatened to make a belated appearance. The Football Association promptly insulted it by exhibiting its hired myrmidons perspiring at a winter pastime before thousands of bad sportsmen. It is bad sport because it is so palpably done for the sake of the money it brings in, no football in September meaning less dividends in April. What on earth would be said of the M.C.C. if that famous club asked its professionals to play cricket at Lords in December? And yet that would be no more farcical and unsportsmanlike than asking men to play football in the sweltering heat of September.

**A Notable Family Group: (*from left to right*) The Hon. Assheton Curzon (fourth son of Lord Scarsdale), Lord Curzon (eldest son), Lord Scarsdale, and the Hon. Francis Curzon (third son)**

The photograph was taken at Crag Hall, near Buxton, last week where Lord Curzon of Kedleston entertained a shooting party



**A Sea-Lord and his Lady by the Sea**

The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. McKenna, with Mrs. McKenna, enjoying a stroll on the front at Etretat, where they have been spending a pleasant golfing and bathing holiday

# Are You Going to Join "The Smilers"?

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE NEW RELIGIOUS SECT MAKES MANY CONVERTS

The leaders of a new sect—from U.S.A.—have arrived in London. They are known as "The Smilers," and part of their teaching requires that the Faithful shall keep smiling, no matter in what provoking circumstances they may find themselves. Mr. Norman Morrow optimistically anticipates scenes of the kind depicted above

### Sweet September

For the Fortunate Few, for, let us say, one-tenth of a thirtieth part of the population, the month of September is, without the slightest doubt, the very sweetest month in all the year. So much is there with which to wile away the weary hours. There is Doncaster, now in progress and seldom other than delightful; there is the "First October"—which is always in September—at Newmarket; there is Scotland, in its bronze and purple raiment, lovely just now beyond all words; and there are the grouse, the deer, the partridges, and, in the offing, the pheasants.

### Coming Back to Town

For all the rest of the world, however, for all the vast mass who, willingly or unwillingly, successfully or unsuccessfully, are daily and hourly "whipp'd to the laborious task of bread," the word September is just a mocking synonym. It doesn't mean grouse, or deer, or country side, or silver stream, or even rabbits. It means Coming Back to Town! It means the dusty streets again, the office. It means a renewing of all those tasks and tediousnesses one tried so hard, in the holiday days, to forget. It means starting once again that fight for the god of all things — money — wherewith alone September, or any other month, can be rendered really and truly sweet.

### Its Compensations

Yet, this all notwithstanding, there are many for whom September has its compensations. One's own house, after the ghastly garishness or dingy discomfort of hotels, is a haven nearly Heaven; one's own study after the severe strain of staying in country-houses, sitting in country drawing-rooms, and talking to country people, a green isle set in the sea. While for the Compleat Londoner, who is nothing if not a Perfect Playgoer, there is always, in this sweet September, that awakening of the Dramatic Muse from summer torpor, which provides, at any rate, the mild excitement of unlimited first nights.

*Photograph*] **Lady Marjorie Erskine** [*Lafayette*

Second daughter of the Earl of Buchan, whose tragic death on a Scottish hillside has so shocked Society

### A Royal Wedding

It is understood, although no official announcement has as yet been made, that the marriage of Prince Victor Napoleon, claimant to the throne of France, and Princess Clementine is to take place next month at Farnborough, from the residence of the Empress Eugénie. But it is to be a very quiet affair, and there will be none of that regal ceremony which was observed three years ago at the Wood Norton wedding, when foreign Royalties flocked in their dozens to Worcestershire for the great event. It is common talk in Belgium that Victor Napoleon has already a wife (morganatic, of course) and three children. But that sort of thing is the acknowledged privilege of princes, and, anyway, by his marriage the Prince will sink into even greater obscurity than that in which he lives at present, for a consent to his wedding has only been obtained from the King of the Belgians on the express condition that no more Bonapartist manifestoes are to be published from Belgium, and that the happy pair reside elsewhere than in that country.

### This Week's Wonders

They are wondering at the would-be flying lady's costume at Leopardstown. They are wondering what Dublin Society thought of it. They are wondering if the Duke and Duchess really went to Ireland. They are wondering whether another Duke will add a wing to his Irish castle. They are wondering at the Irish-American house-party. They are wondering why the engagement was broken off so very suddenly. They are wondering at the very short engagement. They are wondering if he is going to New York and whether they will receive him with open arms. They are wondering why her ladyship was wandering all alone in the wilds of the West of Ireland. They are wondering if he will be asked to the big shoot next year. They are wondering why his Colonel made him return so suddenly from India. They are wondering why she bolted from home. They are wondering whether he has the success at Baden-Baden he is accustomed to have at Marienbad. They are wondering who sent out the invitations for the first night. They are wondering if their Royal and Imperial Highnesses approve of the annual advertisement in the *Morning Post*. They are wondering when she will pay her poker losses. They are wondering if more will be heard of the matter.

# The Flower of Youth

*Photograph* *Rita Martin*

LADY WINIFRED GORE

The beautiful half-sister of the Earl of Arran, the Countess of Airlie, and the Marchioness of Salisbury. She is only nineteen years of age

### Back to the Land

An institution that should have a future is the Land Union, the moving spirits of which are Captain Pretyman and Mr. C. H. Kenderdine. To those who may not have heard of the new venture, it may be explained briefly that it is a combination of landowners who are prepared to sell land in small quantities to working farmers, the purchase price being paid by instalments in the form of rent. Purchasers must be either pensioners from one of the Services or else other persons with small but assured private incomes. The scheme, which is an eminently practical one, promises to do more to solve the Small Holding difficulty than anything that Parliament has ever succeeded in doing. It will also do something to stop the rural exodus and other minor complaints from which our country is suffering. The difficulty of the small holder hitherto has been the lack of sufficient capital to prevent him from starving while the grass is growing; but under the Land Union scheme holders will all be responsible people with enough shot in the locker to keep the wolf from the door—if I may be permitted to allow metaphor to run away with one so freely.

### Good for Pensioners

The scheme appears to be in great favour with retired military men, many of whom while on service abroad have come to close grips with agricultural and irrigation problems. Some of my readers may remember the success which the late Major-General Cotton enjoyed with his wheat-growing experiments at Dorking some years ago, based on his experiences in India. That amiable revolutionary, Prince Kropotkin, long ago suggested that under an intelligent system of intensive cultivation we could probably grow all our own wheat in this country; and there seems a chance of practical experiments being made in that direction. We need not now share Oliver Goldsmith's lament for the loss of "a bold peasantry, their country's pride," since it looks very much as if we were already in sight of a good working substitute. Other times, other manners.

*Photograph* *H. H. Poole*

**A New Portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught**

Who is shortly going to South Africa on the mission that would have been performed by King George but for his father's death

### Outlines

As I've said, I fear, once or twice before, London has its compensations, even in the Dog Days, if, for a day and a night, one finds oneself stranded therein. It occurred to me, indeed, under these circumstances a day or two ago that not even in the very height of the season would it be possible to pursue to greater advantage that study of the human (feminine, of course) form divine recommended to us by the poets. At the Palace I saw the plump and pretty, and oh! dear me, how Parisian! Regina Badet displaying—well, positively *yards* of it for our (mostly provincial) edification; later at the Alhambra I caught a late and fleeting glimpse of the exquisite Leonora; and on Monday at the Hippodrome I feasted my eyes on the charms of Cleo de Mérode.

### A Statue Story

It seems, by the way, several æons ago since, in, I think, the year 1898, I saw in a shop-window in Nice such a lovely photograph of what I took to be the statue of some Greek beauty that I went in and made inquiries. The figure, but for a bracelet, was, of course, entirely nude, and I asked in what gallery the original could be found, and whose work it was supposed to be. The terribly knowing French saleswoman smiled in pity at my ignorance, and shrugged mountains high in amazement at "these English." "That is not a statue," she said; "it is Mlle. de Mérode."

# The President of the Epée Club

LORD DESBOROUGH

This famous sporting peer has played for Harrow at cricket and rowed for Cambridge v. Oxford. He has climbed in the Alps and shot in the Rocky Mountains, swum twice across Niagara, and stroked an eight across the Channel. He won the Epée prize at the Military Tournament, 1904-6, and also the Punting Championship for three years. He is a fine rider to hounds, an expert shot, and an ardent fisherman

*BY W. HOWARD ROBINSON*

# A Poet For All The World

*Camera Pictures by*

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK

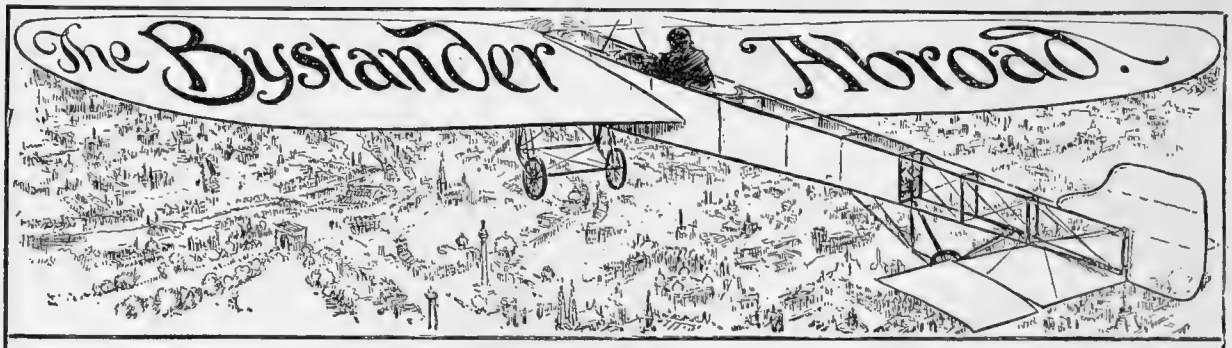
The famous Belgian playwright and poet, whose works have been translated into practically every European language. His most famous publications are "La Princesse Maleine," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Alladine et Palomides," "La Vie de l'Abeille," and "The Blue Bird." He is forty-eight years of age, and of very retiring disposition

# And His Most Ardent Admirer

*Hoppé*

MADAME GEORGETTE MAETERLINCK

The poet's wife, and certainly his most ardent admirer. She has recently organised a performance of her husband's play, "Pelléas et Mélisande," at the Abbaye de Saint Wandrille, near Dieppe, which was bought after the expulsion of its monastic owners. Mlle. Maeterlinck played Mélisande very charmingly




# The Kaiser's Amazing Indiscretion: Does He Wish to Emulate King Canute? A Note from Switzerland

**L'État C'Est Moi**

The Kaiser's speech at Königsberg is the topic of the moment. It has burst like a thunderbolt to relieve the monotony of the dullest of dull seasons. And so unexpected and so unnecessary does it seem that Europe still is flabbergasted. It has upset everyone's calculations. Never since by "the grace of God" he became Emperor and King had William II. enjoyed such popularity and prestige as he was at the time enjoying. He had a bitter pill to swallow in 1908, but swallowed it so well that Europe applauded. To all appearances he seemed bent on pleasing England, and showing Europe that if there were any ill-feeling between the two countries we, and not the Germans, were to blame. He was about to don his late uncle's mantle, and already he has been called William the Peacemaker instead of "War Lord," the name by which he was so long known. One serious and well-informed journal even suggested he was to be the recipient of the much-coveted Nobel Prize for Peace! Germans were breathing freely, and imagined the days of Imperial indiscretions had come to an end.

**Where and Why the Alleged British Spies were Arrested: Borkum Island and its Strategic Importance**

Once again we have a German scare—arrests of alleged English spies, the construction of a railway on the German-Belgian frontier, and the fortification of Borkum Island. A glance at the map shows the significance of the latter move on the part of Germany. The new naval base at Emden, which is connected by canal with Wilhelmshaven, is thus made immune from blockade. The only possible reply that Holland could make to this move would be the arming of Delfzyl immediately opposite. This Holland would hardly dare to do, as such arming could only be directed against Germany—no other Power being able to move ships against this portion of the Dutch coast without violating the neutrality of the estuary

**Cui Bono?**

What is the meaning of this extraordinary oration? What good is expected of it? In the mass of criticism which has poured forth from journals expressing the opinions of all classes we have not yet had time to consider whether the Kaiser's words were really the signal of an inevitable class conflict towards which Germany has been said to be drifting for some time, or whether his archaic utterances must be viewed as so many of his speeches have been regarded—mere bubbles of sentiment blown by a master of oratory, which vanish into air as rapidly as they appear. A well-informed German statesman tells me he imagines the Kaiser wants to feel the political pulse of his people. Sovereigns, even nowadays, live in such an oppressive atmosphere of flattery and calculated lies that it is difficult for them to know exactly where they are. They hardly ever have the choice of the papers they read. The Kaiser's are presented to him in the form of cuttings on large sheets of foolscap paper, and he is in the habit of making notes in the margin if he wants the whole article. He takes one paper into his own hands—the *Local Anzeiger*, probably because it is short. It is not a medium of advertising, as its name might lead one to suppose. A summary of news is what it tries to give, and expresses little or no opinion.

**Kaiser Canute**

The Kaiser is, perhaps, like King Canute, who, when his courtiers told him he was above the very elements, took them to the seashore and commanded the waves to retire. When the tide rose all the same, he rebuked them with the vanity of thinking man was at the best anything but a poor weak thing in the face of the elemental forces of nature. Perhaps the Kaiser wishes to show his courtiers and admirers that the elemental forces of public opinion will not tolerate mediæval ideas of Divine right. It seems to me extraordinary that so up-to-date a monarch as the Kaiser should have had purposes such as those which have been attributed to him. As a result, perhaps, he will take up a more advanced Constitutional attitude than ever before. To-day he says, "I am your divinely appointed master." To-morrow, perhaps, he will be saying, "I am your divinely appointed chief servant." Perhaps he was simply carried away, as he has been before, by his own vehement eloquence, and had no *arrière pensée*. Perhaps it was intended to create a final rupture between him and Bethmann von Hollweg. At any rate, whatever the reason of the speech may be, whatever dangerous experiment he may have been

trying, this utterance certainly means the end of the "Divine right" theory.

### The Kaiser Loses Friends

Whatever can be the meaning of it all? *Nothing* the Kaiser has hitherto done has called forth such strong expressions of disapproval from all parties without distinction—Conservative, Liberal, Radical, and Socialist. Even those who have taken upon themselves "to stand by" their Emperor *coute que coute* have a very poor case. That the Kaiser was justified as King of Prussia in making statements quite out of keeping with twentieth-century ideas does not justify him forgetting he is also German Emperor, and not an Asiatic despot—the servant of Parliament, and not its master. We are reminded during this crisis of the Iron Chancellor's resolution that Prussia and Russia must be firm friends. It has been suggested that the Kaiser, in voicing the sentiments the Tsar dared not utter, was paying homage to his neighbour preliminary to their meeting. This may be so. And even if it is, the King of Prussia surely has no right to "put up the backs" of the subjects of the Emperor of Germany to please the Tsar of Russia.

A Charming New Portrait of the Crown Princess of Roumania with Princess Mignon

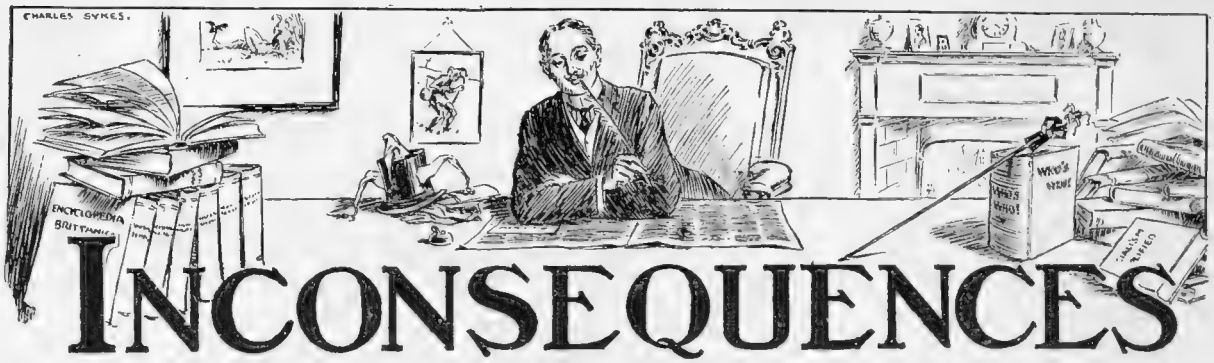
### A Note from Les Avants

A correspondent writes from Les Avants, above Montreux: Work is vigorously proceeding on a railway of *luges*, which will make the hill of Sonloup a luxurious tobogganing place this winter, if the lift is finished by then, as M. Dufour, sen., the proprietor and *entrepreneur* of most things, thinks it will be. We have, or have recently had, here a Prince Ruspoli, with many other Italians brought by the Simplon route, the Bishop of Southampton, and the usual polyglot assembly of South American *rastas*, German and British mountain-climbers, Yankee pleasure-seekers, Viennese and Parisian singers, Russians, Roumanians, Armenians, Greeks, and Czechs. Lawn tennis is in full swing in Switzerland, though it is often terribly hot on the courts. The contest at Les Avants begins on September 12, and that at Montreux a week later. Here at Les Avants the preliminary competitions brought out fine play by (among others) Herr Spiez, who serves in a strange back-handed, but often effective, way, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Chenery, and Mr. Richard Williams (whose father, Mr. Duaine Williams, of Geneva and U.S.A., has given a cup).

*Photograph*] The King of Italy The King of Montenegro [*Sport and General*

**The Montenegrin Jubilee Celebrations: The King of Montenegro, the King of Italy, and the King of Bulgaria (just behind the King of Montenegro) Reviewing Troops**

The declaration of the kingdom of Montenegro has been celebrated very gaily. The King and Queen of Italy and the King of Bulgaria were both in Cettinje. Queen Elena is, of course, the daughter of the new King




# INCONSEQUENCES

## Conferences—Latest

*(Mr. Lloyd George offers the services of the Inland Revenue officials to landowners in making out valuation forms.)*

French military authorities are doubtful about the efficiency of their frontier defences. They have asked the German Emperor to inspect the fortresses and give them his advice.

Lord Lansdowne has been asked to preside at an inquiry by the Trades Unions into the Osborne judgment.

A conference is to be held between Mr. Jack Johnson and a deputation of the principal other heavy weights; the proposed object is to arrange the next boxing championship on an amicable basis, without recourse to personal violence.

* * *

ARRESTED for sleeping in a field (official), we are glad to see a man has been sent to prison, although the scoundrel made the excuse that he sent all the money he earned to his mother, who has now a considerable sum in the bank, and lived himself on one meal a day, costing threepence. When we know that so many murderers and financial bandits are at large, it is satisfactory to note that at least one hardened ruffian has been laid by the heels.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON is said to be fond of beans. And yet with a manly generosity he gave them away liberally to his opponent at Reno.

* * *

SUSPICION increases as to the reliability of police evidence. A man at Stoke-on-Trent was stated by a constable and an inspector to be perfectly sober, while he himself deposed that he was "as drunk as a lord" (and there is no going beyond that). The court would not accept his word without corroborative evidence, and he was ignominiously dismissed. This gross miscarriage of justice has aroused indignation in the neighbourhood.

**If Studs Could Speak**

THE COLLAR STUD (*from under the heaviest dressing-table*): "Well, by Jove! I never heard such language in all my life, not even when I slipped down his back last week!"

IT is now understood that the investiture of Mr. Lloyd George as Dictator will take place at Carnarvon.

* * *

A MISS IN BAULK.—In the "Apache" murder of a young woman in Paris, it was found that three desperadoes had played billiards to decide who should shoot her. The finish might be called a losing hazard, and probably shows the dangers of a "kiss." The girl was, of course, "potted."

* * *

SEA sand is singularly useful, says a writer. Extraordinary though it may appear, we believe that it is even employed in sugar-making.

* * *

"THERE have been twenty cases of fever, five male and twelve female," says a provincial paper in its health statistics. One cannot help wondering in what department the other three cases should be classed.

* * *

THE Kaiser's claim to Divine right has created a sensation in Germany. On the Stock Exchange "investors were seriously perturbed." An official Liberal paper says that "we must point out the legal untenability of this position" (the law takes up such a modest attitude here!); another journal believes that "the Emperor has torn up the sheet of paper which Prince Buelow wheedled out of him"—a difficult feat, this; how would the Emperor have the sheet of paper in hand at the moment?

* * *

WHAT shall we do with our goats? The giant anaconda, who used to devour a whole goat at each meal, has just died at the "Zoo." It seems a pity. Who on earth will eat the "Zoo" goats now?

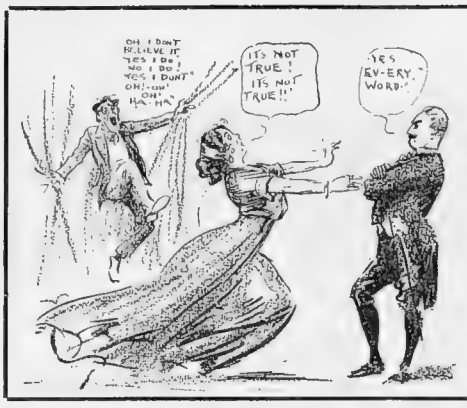
* * *

NINE hundred and fifty million tons of coal, according to statistics, have been burned during the last year. How many million tons have been thrown at cats out of windows at night-time is not calculated in the returns.

# Sunday

A PICTORIAL TRACT

*BY H. M. BATEMAN*



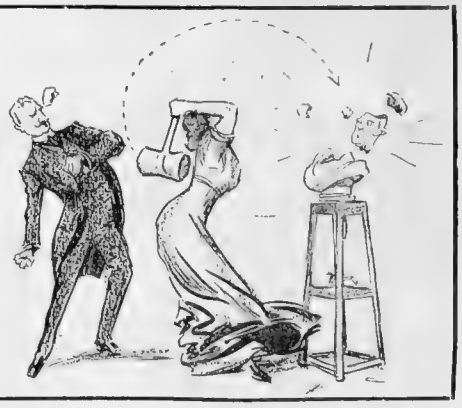

THE FIRST OF THE THREATENED THREE

# "The Eternal Question"

(BY HALL CAINE)

at the

Garrick Theatre



BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

MR. HALL CAINE has produced the first of his three well-advertised dramas, and it now appears that we have been taking him too seriously. His contribution to the "eternal" sex question raises no new point; but that the production is a very serious enterprise may be gathered from the fact that a note on the programme states that it is controlled by the "Managing Director of The Eternal Question, Limited," which supplies at least one gleam of humour to the production. It is a clear indication that the author means—business! The "limited" does not, of course, mean that Mr. Hall Caine has undertaken to define eternity, but that his new venture has been placed on up-to-date commercial lines right from the start. I do not pretend, for myself, to be able to understand the precise nature of the undertaking. The play appears to me to be, in its essentials, merely a revised version of Mr. Hall Caine's other play, *The Eternal City*, with a new ending, which is no ending at all.

"THE most important scene" in the play (I quote from a newspaper announcement) is a discussion between the Prime Minister, Baron Bonelli, and Donna Roma Volonna, his mistress. Both of these characters will be, perhaps, remembered as having been prominent in *The Eternal City*. Mr. Hall Caine has used for the discussion much of the matter which formed the subject of his newspaper articles recently, and it is as inconclusive on the stage as it was at the breakfast-table. The idea is that there is no hope for a woman when once she is separated from the man to whom she belongs, whether she is married to him or not. She enters into a blind alley, and the way back is forbidden her. She is a dead woman. All of which is, in the controversial spirit, most likely to be appreciated by the gallery. The real humour, unconscious as far as Mr. Hall Caine is concerned, of the homily consists in the fact that in selecting a lady as a convincing example of the operation of the "laws of nature" Mr. Caine has chosen the one instance that completely shatters his position. Roma happens to be a sculptor of distinction, and so far from being either dead or a wanderer in blind alleys, she should be able to walk out of the Prime Minister's house whenever she chooses, keep herself in independence by her art, and wash her hands of the male sex entirely if she should wish to do so. I could not, therefore, see what Roma was making all the fuss about.

IT is quite impossible to sympathise with Roma, and I decline to make any attempt to do so. She talks a good deal about "pure love" and "real love," and other shibboleths of the erotic temperament, but she is quite an undesirable person in every way. She takes up with Baron Bonelli for her own ends, she accepts gifts from him in large and expensive quantities, and she admits that he has given her everything she possesses. It is true that the Baron has not given her what she calls love; but he has clearly paid more than the price at which she was for sale, and he certainly has the right to claim her loyalty in return. And yet, no sooner does she feel what she calls "love" for another man than she does not hesitate to throw her generous protector over, and to ignore her share of the contract, which has evidently been a very expensive one for him. Hang it all, there is said to be honour among thieves; and when a lady of this kind is thrust at us as a poor, long-suffering heroine, so that we may mingle our tears with hers, I—well, I *don't* think! So far from Roma being in danger of "falling into the abyss," she gives you the idea of having just crawled out of it. I have no sort of sympathy with the Baron Bonelli, but I certainly think he was very poorly repaid for all his generosity; and it may be that he was only driven to the superlative stage of villainy by Roma's shocking indifference to her debt of honour.

IT is clear that the presentation of such a character as this offered no ordinary task to a gifted actress. Miss Tittell-Brune rises to the occasion now and then magnificently, but she can do very little in the long run with a character that is full of such perplexing contradictions. The lack of anything like sincerity in the character of Roma deprives the part of all its sympathy. We observe that Roma is leaving her first protector because the second has promised to marry her; and we can only conjecture what inducement the third man will have to offer to persuade her to make another change. "Real love" is all very well and very beautiful, but in Roma's case it is rather like the "calls" which popular preachers receive, and which, quite as a matter of coincidence, of course, usually offer increased worldly advantages. Still, Mr. Hall Caine was evidently satisfied with Miss Tittell-Brune's performance, for when she received an enthusiastic "ovation" after the first scene in the last act, Mr. Hall Caine led her before the curtain himself; and a moment or two later Miss Tittell-Brune returned the compliment handsomely by leading Mr. Hall Caine to the footlights. It is true that Mr. Hall Caine had no place in the cast, and he had not been invited to present himself to us, but, as Shakespeare says, nice customs curtsey to great kings.

JINGLE.

*SKETCHES AT THE GARRICK THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW*

# PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

"Marie Burst into Tears"

WE two men, with two houses, a colony of dogs, a monkey, and a French servant, were left to our own devices. The parson's wife and Vivette, who is my wife, had left us for a week-end by the sea. That was the prologue. The tragedy (I really don't quite know in how many acts it was) began when Marie, the servant, first demanded orders. I don't think I am a coward. When I want my boots, I can tell Marie to get them as boldly as though I were a dozen women, but "orders" opened out such a terrific vista. "Food is what she means," the parson said. Vivette's sudden departure (I am very fond of Vivette, although she is my wife) must be my excuse. I am afraid I was rather rude. "I know as much French as that," I said. The parson has the temper of an angel. He *might* have asked me whether I was going to church on Sunday. Instead, he merely said, "We'll order something simple, don't you think?" And then we sat down under a tree and wondered silently.

"It's time I went off to the market," said Marie. She was beginning to feel her power already. "I'll just hop on to the bicycle and roll over to St. Germain," I said to his reverence as carelessly as I could. "You order lunch, old chap, and I'll be back by——." He is rather a muscular Christian, and I was very rumpled by the time that I had promised to give up the run to St. Germain. "*Alors*," said Marie. "I know," I said; "we'll have a beefsteak pudding. Go on, you tell her. My French is better than yours, but a beefsteak pudding may need explanation." "Wee," said the parson. "Er — er — wee. Er — beefsteak pudding, you savvy." Marie didn't savvy. She jumped at the word pudding, though, and said she had peaches and greengages for dessert, but what would we like for lunch and for dinner? Marie thought that a little cold chicken and ham for lunch, with a nice salad, would be the very thing, and her idea of dinner was a nice salad and a little cold ham and chicken. "I say, you know," I told the parson, "we mustn't knuckle under to this woman. When our wives come back and we have to confess what our meals have been we shall be chaffed within an inch of our lives, if we do." "H'm, yes," said the parson; "shall we—er—shall we—er—tell her what to put into the pudding?" "Let's," I said. "You tell me in English, and I'll translate it into her beastly language for her." "It isn't really a *pudding* that we want," I explained. "It is—er—it is a dish." "Ah?" said Marie.

"Left to Our Own Devices"

Until you have heard a Frenchwoman say "Ah?" when she wants to give you cold ham and chicken, and you want a beefsteak pudding, you don't know how absurd it is to talk about the weaker sex. "Yes," I said briskly, "it's a dish." And prompted by the parson, who had been reading up the subject, I dashed into details. "You get a steak," I said, "and some flour, and some kidneys, and a bit of pigeon, and——." Marie burst into tears. She said it was getting late and that everything worth having in the market would be gone. She said that it would be all our own fault if we didn't get any lunch, and that she didn't mind for herself, because there was plenty left over from yesterday's dinner for *her*. She said that Madame would be ever so angry if she did not provide for us properly, and yet *qu'est ce que vous voulez que je vous dise moi, je ne peux pas le déviner, tout de même!*

We explained. We explained at great length. We got a piece of paper and wrote everything down, and all the satisfaction we obtained was an ultimatum from Marie that Madame had told her how much she was to spend per day, that we were not a regiment of soldiers, and that she was not going to allow us to poison ourselves, whatever we wanted. Three-quarters of an hour later we sat down to some lovely cold chicken, some beautiful ham, and a capital salad. "And for dinner?" I asked. "For dinner," said Marie, without a smile, "there is salad, ham, and chicken." I wonder if she'll write and tell Vivette?

# Dinner By The Way

## THE ROAD-SIDE INN AS IT IS IN PARIS TO-DAY

DINING AT COUCOU

There is in Paris, on the heights of Montmartre, just opposite St. Peter s Church, a little open-air restaurant, whose tables stand on a very rough pavement. Parisians who spend the summer in their native city flock to this restaurant for dinner. The elegant comes here with the fashionable demi-mondaine, the student with the midinette. By the queer light of the garden lamps they sit and eat daintily cooked chicken, washed down by sparkling Asti or Chianti. And while enjoying the meal they watch the night fall over Paris, see the lamps gradually gild the window-panes, and revel in the fairy spectacle provided by the lovely city when she lights up for the night

# The First Cub Hunt of the Season

THE EXMOOR FOXHOUNDS MEET AT PARRACOMBE: MAKING FOR COVERT AT ROWLEY DOWN

These hounds held their first meet on Friday, August 26. Their country, which lies in Devon and Somerset, consists almost entirely of moorland, with some big woods and a very little plough. A fast, low-set mount is the most suitable for the country. The Master of the Exmoor Foxhounds is Mr. M. H. Salaman

# His Majesty's Yearlings

## SANDRINGHAM-BRED YOUNGSTERS TRAINING AT EGERTON HOUSE

*(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)*

Egerton House: The Newmarket Residence of Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's Trainer

THE five yearlings which have been bred at the Sandringham stud, and which are all that are forthcoming this year, were last month removed to Egerton House, Newmarket. Under the care of Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, it is hoped that they may develop into useful horses and prove winners of various valuable races for King George V. At this early stage it is impossible to form any opinion as to their merits, though it may be observed from the photographs on pages 494-5 that they are a likely looking lot without anything standing out as a specially promising horse. At present they are not named.

MR. MARSH, whose palatial training establishment is a couple of miles the Cambridge side of Newmarket, has been a most successful trainer, and has four Derby winners to his credit. During the eighteen years he trained for King Edward something like £490,000 was placed to the King's credit in stud fees and stakes. This speaks for itself. Though there is nothing to lead one to suppose there is either a Derby, Oaks, or Leger winner among these yearlings, yet they are bred right, and they will be trained well, so it is much to be hoped King George may experience good luck with them.

Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's Trainer
He was for eighteen years King Edward's trainer, and has trained in all four Derby winners

IT has generally been understood that His Majesty takes no interest in racing. This is not at all the case. He might long ago have been an owner of horses which have won classic events. It was, however, simply due to the fact that King Edward was of opinion that on the Turf "one in the family was sufficient." This kept King George, as Prince of Wales, from appearing among the list of owners. The Royal Family are all deeply interested in horses, and now that King George is about to take up racing in earnest, it will only help to add to his already great and increasing popularity.

# Will One of Them Win the

YEARLINGS THAT EVERYONE HOPES WILL PROVE

BROWN FILLY BY FLORIZEL II., OUT OF SWEET VERNAL

CHESTNUT COLT BY FLORIZEL II., OUT OF GUINEA HEN

The five horses depicted on this page were bred in the King's stud at Sandringham, and have recently been transferred to Newmarket, and placed under the care of Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's trainer

EGERTON HOUSE STABLES

BROWN COLT BY FLO
LOCH

MR. RICHARD MARSH'S OFFICE AT WHERE KING EDWARD S

In the glass cupboard to the right of the fireplace a the left wall are the horse-rugs bearing either the C the saddles and bridles used on Derby winners, always used by the la

# Derby of 1912 for the King?

## CHAMPIONS OF HIS MAJESTY'S RACING STABLE

ES: THE BOYS' QUARTERS

BROWN COLT BY THRUSH, OUT OF LAODAMIA

LORI EL II., OUT OF H D ON

CHESTNUT FILLY BY FLYING FOX, OUT OF APRIL PRINCESS

AT EGERTON HOUSE: A ROOM SPENT MANY HOURS
ceare the King's Colours, worn by his jockeys. On he Crown or the Prince of Wales's Feathers, and rs. The chair on the right of the fireplace was e late King Edward

The King's training establishment is at Egerton House, Newmarket, and is presided over by Mr. Richard Marsh, who acted in that capacity with great success for His Majesty's father for many years

# Happy Haunts of the Artist

## PICTURESQUE OLD WATER-MILLS ON THE THAMES AND BURE

**The Old Mill House near Mapledurham**

This charming old-world building has been reproduced on canvas many times, the rich colouring of the red wood and the placidity of the scene seeming to have a great fascination for the artist

**The Mill at Coltishall on the Bure in Norfolk**

This very uncommon view of a Norfolk water-mill will appeal to all with a taste for quiet, peaceful ways by land and water in the now expiring holiday season. It is a favourite spot for anglers, some fine pike having been pulled out of the pool

# "THE LITTLE BLIND GOD"

By MAUDE B. PATTISSON

OVER all hung the interminable silence of the Chinese night, only broken at intervals by the sharp bark of a native dog—or wonk—from the little village behind the shoulder of the big hill and the occasional jabbering of the boat coolies astern. The gentle eddying ripples of the dark waters of the creek, as they fitfully lapped the sides of the houseboat, were too soft to be called a noise.

Overhead the sky was faintly luminous with the pale radiance of the stars, while on the small foredeck of the houseboat, where the figure of a man lounged in a bamboo chair, the glowing tip of a cigar sparkled redly in the gloom.

Presently out of the darkness came the loud creaking of a yuloh, and the lights of a large houseboat loomed into sight and bore down on the smaller craft like some monster out of the night.

A momentary commotion ensued on board both boats, while a brisk and vituperative torrent of native bad language was exchanged between the crews. The creek was narrow at this point, and the lowdahs—or native skippers—feared a collision.

So close did the bigger boat pass that by merely stretching out his arm the solitary figure on the foredeck of the other could have touched either of the three passengers—two of whom were ladies, their white draperies showing out ghost-like against the lights of the little saloon.

Then they passed on to their moorings, the commotion subsided, and silence—that weird silence, as of an endless cemetery, which seems to brood over that melancholy country—reigned once more.

And as Robert Harding lounged in his chair, alone save for his fiery thoughts, the past three years rose like a series of mental pictures before him.

It was then he had arrived in England from Australia, burdened with the responsibility of vast riches. Hard of muscle, brown of face, clean of limb as befits an Englishman, and not yet thirty-four, he found himself welcomed eagerly everywhere in the smart world of London, his wealth the golden key that opened every door to him. He was welcomed by matrons and maids alike, for the combination of riches and good looks was sufficiently rare to be somewhat of a novelty.

Only one tall, slim girl, scarcely seventeen, looked at him with beautiful, disdainful eyes, and turned her back on this handsome Crœsus from the Antipodes. For Lady Aleen Bruce had a supreme contempt for the *genus* "millionaire," and she was quite foolishly indifferent to money and its worth.

However, that one girl represented all the world to Harding, for he had fallen incontinently, hopelessly in love with her at first sight. Lady Aleen's father was poor for his position, and heavily in debt. And Harding was but too easily induced to lend him a heavy sum, but—on the condition that Lady Aleen became his wife. The only brutal thing he had ever done in his life, he told himself.

So Lady Aleen married him, loathing, not so much Harding as the type he represented, a type for which she had a girlish intolerance and arrogant contempt. The marriage could not be called a happy one, not even for Harding, earnestly in love as he was, when the delirium of those first months of matrimony was over.

Within the year a baby was born, but it was a very frail blossom, and perished soon. Lady Aleen was so young, it seemed as if she were scarce fitted to take up the burden of motherhood.

She mourned the infant with an almost absorbing grief, but shut her husband more and more out of her life. She seemed to shrink from him, while at times he fancied that her glance expressed actual dislike of him and his presence near her. And there followed for him a period of prolonged agony and supreme wretchedness.

At last, reckless and utterly indifferent to what the world or Lady Aleen's people might say, he determined to leave her, for a time at all events. He coldly informed her of his intention and the plans he had made for her comfort, adding that as it was improbable she would wish to correspond with him he need not leave her his address.

"My solicitors will always be available if you want anything," he said. "As for myself, I intend to travel, possibly return to Australia."

So Lady Aleen at nineteen found herself freed from a husband whom she had married because she could not help herself, with unlimited money, and no one to dictate to her what she should or should not do.

As Harding sat back in his deck chair and the waves of memory swept over him, he wondered had he been cruel in leaving her. If he had displayed more patience would things have gradually righted themselves?

But such thoughts were futile. He flung his cigar into the dark water, and impatiently entered the tiny saloon.

. . . . . .

The next morning Harding started off early to shoot, and it was nearly three o'clock when he made his way once more towards the houseboat. His way lay

(All rights strictly reserved)

through the evil-smelling native village and over the steep shoulder of the big hill that shadowed the creek.

He had reached the highest point of the path when he suddenly came upon the figure of a girl, all in white, sitting on the burnt-up grass of the hillside. The little breeze from the plain below ruffled her gold-brown hair. Her violet eyes were gazing with a wistful melancholy over the view of twisting creeks and green paddy fields.

"What a lovely face," was Harding's first thought. The next moment he had turned white beneath his tan, and his pulses were throbbing madly. He was looking at his wife.

She, too, had glanced up, startled at the sudden approach of a stranger, and the pallor of his face was in opposite contrast to the vivid blush that flamed all over hers.

"You!" she stammered, as if scarcely believing the evidence of her eyes. "You!"

He had mechanically raised his, and now stood trying, with an almost iron will, to subdue his fierce emotion and regain his self-control. He forced a slight laugh.

"Yes, I. It does seem an extraordinary coincidence that we should meet here, of all places in the world. But that my wandering steps should have brought me to China is less surprising than that you should have come here too."

"Oh, it was quite simple," she replied hurriedly. "I came across an old school-fellow of mine who was just starting to join her husband, a naval man whose ship was stationed at Shanghai. She induced me to accompany her. I have always wanted to travel beyond the beaten tracks, and I always had a keen desire to see China."

Her manner was nervous, embarrassed, quite different from his, which had assumed a certain cold composure, as he furtively, greedily studied that lovely face, which he hadn't seen for a year—such a long, weary year.

"I am up here with the Dudleys," she went on rapidly. "Captain Dudley is anxious to get some shooting. I—I suppose you are here for the same purpose? We—may probably have to meet."

"Probably," he assented coolly. "Would you rather we did not meet?"

"Oh, no," with a certain airy lightness. "It can't matter very much if we do, can it?"

"I suppose not," he answered a little bitterly. "Especially as we shall meet as strangers."

"Exactly," she returned quickly. "Isn't the view fine?"

Harding smiled somewhat cynically as his glance wandered carelessly over the wide, melancholy prospect, with its network of creeks both big and little intersecting the country like silver threads. Here he was, his whole being thrilling, his pulses leaping at the proximity of his wife, and yet they were exchanging the veriest banalities like the acquaintances of an hour.

The sun was sinking grandly to the horizon as Lady Aleen rose to her feet, but a golden glow still lingered on the brilliant green of the paddy fields, while the picturesque blue cotton robes of the few native women at work made spots of bright colour amid the parched brown of that desolate, grave-dotted country.

When they reached the valley it was growing faintly dusk, and as they neared the banks of the creek a short, squarely built man approached them.

"Ah, here you are," he exclaimed as Lady Aleen hastened forward. Then he shot a keenly inquiring glance at her companion.

Lady Aleen laughed.

"Am I late? I sat down to admire the view, and—and then I met——"

"A fellow-tourist," broke in Harding. "And—an old friend," he wound up after waiting a second to see if she would finish her sentence by an explanation as to their relationship to each other. But she had remained silent.

"You are our next-door neighbour, of course," exclaimed Captain Dudley cheerfully, and then, with the usual informal hospitality engendered by up-country propinquity, he promptly invited Harding to dine with them that evening.

And Harding, not having the ghost of an excuse for declining, felt bound, unwillingly, to accept.

. . . . . .

Captain Dudley was anxious to push on to Soochow for some snipe-shooting, snipe being more plentiful in that wild region, and after some persuasion he induced Harding to accompany his party. They reached Soochow some few evenings later just as the clock was striking six from the square tower of the Customs House, a dreary, unlovely block of grey stone, in which were housed the head official and most of the staff.

Next to the Customs House was a native police station under the charge of an English inspector. A long, sandy road stretched along the bank of the creek on this side, and lost itself in the entrance to a squalid native village.

On the other side of the broad waters the setting sun was grandly gilding the long battlemented wall that surrounded and shut in the huge native city of Soochow, where years before "Chinese" Gordon would have made short work of treacherous Li Hung Chang could he have caught him.

Mrs. Dudley and her husband went on shore to call on the Chief of the Customs, and Harding and Lady Aleen found themselves alone on the foredeck. She had a magazine in her hands, and as she turned the leaves Harding's eyes were fixed on her left hand, where gleamed beneath the massive band of diamonds which had been her engagement ring that plain gold circlet he had placed there just three years, or a little more, ago.

"I wonder you still care to wear it," he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the white hand and laying it on his brown palm. "It seems rather a farce, doesn't it?"

She started and coloured faintly.

"Well, I am married," she murmured. "Nothing can undo that fact."

"Are the Dudleys aware of—that fact?" he queried pointedly.

"I have not told them," she replied coldly. "They think it merely a coincidence our names being alike."

"I am surprised you did not drop it when you received your freedom," he rejoined bitterly.

"My freedom!" she echoed. "Am I free?"

"As free as air so far as I am concerned," he answered, the pain at his heart making his voice rough and harsh.

"Thanks, that is very satisfactory," she said in a cool, even tone. Then, turning swiftly, she entered

(Continued on page 500)

# A Flower of the Gaiety Garden

*Photograph* *Rita Martin*

MISS ENID LESLIE

A charming young actress, who successfully undertook the rôle of Lady Betty while Miss Olive May, loveliest of Gaiety Girls, was playing the name-part during Miss Gertie Millar's absence from "Our Miss Gibbs" at the Gaiety Theatre

(Continued from page 498)

the saloon, while Harding went on board his own boat in a tumult of angry emotion.

After that he avoided Lady Aleen most emphatically, and devoted himself to shooting with a zest even keener than Captain Dudley's.

And Lady Aleen took to wandering about alone. Exploring, she called it. Sometimes she was accompanied by a coolie, but more often she went by herself.

Mrs. Dudley asked her husband whether he considered these lonely expeditions quite safe, but he only laughed.

"The natives up here are a cowardly lot; as quiet as sheep," he said.

But an anxious look had crept into Harding's eyes as he stood by, an involuntary listener, and at the first opportunity he questioned the police-inspector as to the characteristics of the natives and their attitude towards foreigners generally, while he carelessly alluded to Lady Aleen's taste for solitary walks.

"I should advise the young lady not to go too far afield," was the blunt reply. "There have been cases of robbery, but the houseboats were generally the centre of attack. Ladies rarely come up so far on shooting expeditions, but when they do they invariably excite a good deal of unpleasant curiosity."

Harding determined to speak to Lady Aleen herself. He overtook her walking along the banks of the creek one afternoon, and plunged into the subject just then uppermost in his mind.

"By the way, Aleen," he said, unconsciously addressing her by her name for the first time since they had met again. "I don't like these solitary rambles of yours. I consider they are neither safe nor wise."

She coloured brilliantly as he addressed her, then looked at him in intense astonishment, her brows uplifted.

"*You* don't like?" she queried, a little emphasis on the pronoun. Then she laughed coldly.

"You forget, I think, that when you bestowed my freedom upon me you gave up all right to dictate to me. My movements cannot concern you in the least."

"I beg your pardon," he responded stiffly. "I don't in the least wish to dictate to you; I was only suggesting that it is not safe for you, a stranger in this wild country, to wander about alone. You might be robbed, insulted."

"But I never see a soul in my walks," she retorted.

Just then, as if to support his words, two native wheelbarrow coolies, wild, unkempt, uncouth-looking creatures, passed them. One jostled rudely against Lady Aleen, and both turned back to stare at her, yelling out some happily unintelligible remarks in their weird and hideous lingo.

Harding's face grew white with wrath.

"Confound these natives!" he ejaculated fiercely. "Don't you see the sort of insult you expose yourself to?" he added, turning to his wife.

But she merely shrugged her shoulders, and, disdaining his proffered assistance, tripped lightly across the plank gangway from the bank to the houseboat without even a word of farewell.

. . . . . .

About a week later Harding returned from shooting much earlier than usual. As he neared the spot where the houseboats were moored he saw Mrs. Dudley's *petite* figure flying towards him. Then she clung to his arm, sobbing and shivering hysterically.

"Oh, I am glad you have come," she cried. "I am all alone, and such a dreadful thing has happened. Aleen went off directly after tiffin with a coolie as guide to visit some celebrated temple about three miles away. Half an hour ago the coolie returned in a terrible fright. It seems when they reached the temple—the coolie thinks they were followed—a couple of natives attacked them. They carried off Aleen after gagging and binding the coolie. But he managed to get away. What is to be done?" she wailed, wringing her hands. "She may be murdered for all we know."

Harding had turned as white as ashes. But the word "murder" acted like a whip to his momentarily stunned senses. Sending for the coolie to show him the way, he ordered a pony to be in readiness. Then he sought the inspector.

The latter looked grave when the facts were laid before him.

"You don't really fear murder?" Harding asked, a tense look round his mouth.

"No, worse," was the significant reply, and a hot rush of fiercest emotion seemed to choke Harding. A red mist floated before his eyes, and he clenched his hands in an over-mastering agony of impotence, while horror, the awful uncertainty of her fate, the ghastly, hideous suggestions of the inspector's words, all seemed maddeningly mingled.

Then he and the inspector, with a couple of sturdy little native policemen, rode off beneath the afternoon sunlight towards the Temple of Changloo.

. . . . . .

The country was rough and uneven. They took their way by devious short cuts, shaving off corners here, scrambling over grave mounds there. Up a fir-crowned hill, from the summit of which they looked upon a thickly planted bamboo wood, rising out of the midst of which they could see the queer, pointed roofs of the Temple.

They made their way to the principal entrance, and found themselves in a sort of wide courtyard. The Temple—or, rather, succession of Temples—was built tier upon tier, each courtyard leading to one yet higher by broad flights of stone steps, a perfect maze of inner buildings rising on each side.

The inspector and his men spread out in various directions, but Harding began to mount those interminable flights of steps from one court to another.

The awful silence, the utter absence of all human life, maddened him. And he shouted his wife's name aloud till the silent stone courts echoed with the sound.

All at once a flutter of white from a small round aperture at the top of the highest building caught his eye. It looked like a handkerchief.

With one bound he had crossed the intervening space of court, and had rushed up the steps to a small wooden door set deep in the wall. But it was a frail barrier, easily splintered by one vigorous kick. But he then found himself confronted by a steep flight of more stone steps that led up and ever up. At the top was another closed door, heavily clamped with iron.

"Aleen, Aleen, are you there?" he shouted wildly; then as a low sound of sobbing came to his ears he set his broad shoulder against the door and burst it open in time to catch the white-robed figure that staggered towards him in his arms before she fell.

Supporting her head on his knee as he knelt beside

(Continued on page 502)

# Life in the Mercantile Marine

No. VII.—THE LAST PHASE—RETIREMENT

*BY E. C. O. BEUTTLER*

*(Previous episodes have appeared in our issues of June 1, 15, 22, July 27, August 17 and 24)*

(Continued from page 500)

her he fell to chafing her hands wildly. Her pretty hair was all ruffled, and a great ugly bruise disfigured both slender wrists, and Harding's face grew dark with wrath.

Then she stirred and opened her eyes, and as they rested on her husband's face, aglow with love and passionate anxiety, bending over hers, she struggled to leave his arms.

Chilled and hurt by her evident desire to get away from him, he let her go abruptly.

"You are all right?" he asked. "Those ruffians did not molest you in any way—they did not lay a finger on you to harm or hurt you?"

"No," she answered wearily. "I thought at first they intended to murder me, but it seemed they only wanted my purse and what trinkets I wore. Perhaps they intended returning later to finish me off if you had not arrived so opportunely."

Then she looked at her hands with a strange dismay, as it appeared to her husband, and exclaimed brokenly:

"See, they have taken my wedding ring."

"Well, you have now one fetter the less," he answered harshly. "But come, let me take you away from here."

Lady Aleen followed him down the slippery stone steps and out into the brilliant sunshine of the open court. Here the inspector joined them with the intelligence that they had caught one of the marauders hiding in the wood.

"Got him red-handed, with all the spoil," added the police-officer. "Will you take charge of these, Mr. Harding?"

Harding took the little heap of costly trinkets, including the thick gold wedding ring. He slipped the latter into his waistcoat pocket, then gave the others—all his gifts—to Lady Aleen.

She took them mechanically, looked at each in turn, then gazed at him inquiringly.

"Where is——?" she began.

Harding tapped his pocket.

"It is here," he said. "I will take charge of it—for the future."

For an instant their eyes met, then she grew a little white, but made no response, only turned away as if the subject interested her no more.

The inspector had sent one of his policemen back for a chair and a couple of coolies to convey Lady Aleen over the rough country tracks. As she was borne down the steep path in the long, lightly swaying cane conveyance, through the bamboo wood, she gave a little wistful sigh. When they reached the banks of the creek Harding dismounted and paused beside the chair.

"I am returning to Shanghai to-night," he said. "So this will be good-bye. But I want you to promise me before I go that you will indulge in no more rambles of this kind."

Very pale looked the lovely face, and he sternly suppressed a mad desire to kiss her again and again.

"I don't think I have any wish left for any more rambles anywhere," she replied wearily.

"Thanks; that at least will be a comfort to me," he answered.

"Why should you care?" she asked a little mockingly.

"Because—I do care," was all he said. "Good-bye," holding out his hand.

"Good-bye," she faltered. Then, with an assumption of lightness, she added: "Do you think we are likely to meet again?"

"I don't know really. It will all depend on you," with sudden significance.

She flushed, then laughed.

"It will be a very long good-bye," she rejoined flippantly.

. . . . . .

A pale, weird moonlight was stealing over the misty creek, casting long black-and-white shadows on the banks. Harding was sitting in the little saloon with no light save that cast by the moon, his thoughts a tangle of hopelessness. He had felt miserable enough, heaven knows, when he had voluntarily parted from his young wife a year before. But this was infinitely worse, this meeting and parting again as strangers. He suddenly leaned his arms on the table and buried his face on them.

A light step sounded on deck, a slim, white-robed figure emerged from the moonlight and stood before him. And, springing to his feet, Harding found himself confronting his wife.

"Aleen, you here?" he breathed.

"Yes, is it—so strange?" she asked tremulously.

His heart was beating as if it would leap out of his breast. But, putting an immense restraint on himself, he said coldly:

"Can I do anything for you?"

She made a fluttering movement nearer to him. Then she exclaimed impetuously:

"I want my ring. You might at least leave me—that."

"You were not so eager for me to put it on three years ago," he rejoined brusquely.

"But it is mine. You gave it to me."

And without any warning she began to cry softly, each little sob cutting him like a knife. For an instant he stood looking at her, his chest heaving with a wild, pulsating emotion. Then he strode forward and took her in his arms, holding her very close.

"Aleen, why do you want that ring?" he whispered hoarsely. "Don't play with me, for God's sake. Will you wear it—if I put it on again?"

She nestled her head closer to his breast, and for answer held up her left hand. He took it and kissed it hungrily, yearningly.

"Do you realise what it means if I put it on again?" he continued passionately. "It means that you must come back to me and be my wife again. Do you still wish to wear it, or is the condition too hard?"

"I—I still wish to wear it," she murmured shyly.

"Aleen, my darling, what does it mean?" he cried, trying to see her face in the pallid moonlight. "Is it possible you care—at last?"

"Of course I do," she answered with a low, sweet laugh. "How could I help caring? But my wretched pride would not let me admit it. Then you went away, and it wasn't till then I really knew how much I cared," with a little sigh.

"My darling! Why on earth, though, did you not tell me before? What a perfect brute I must have seemed to you."

"You certainly made it very hard to tell you," she whispered. "I don't know how I summoned up courage to come and see you just now."

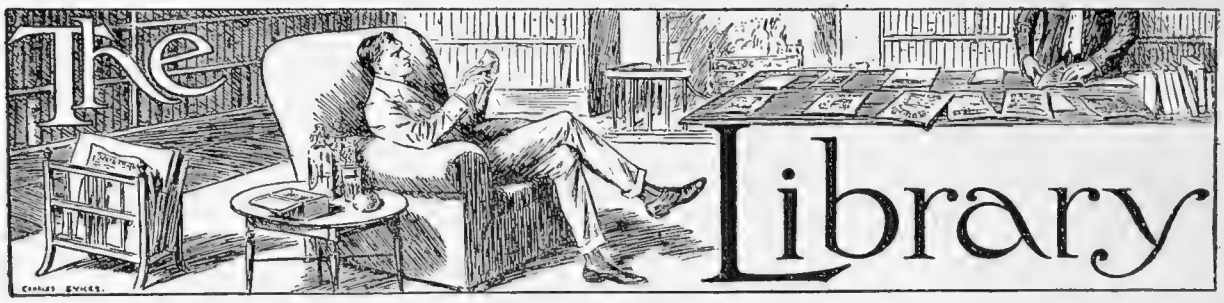
But he stopped her lips with kisses.

MAUDE B. PATTISSON.

# A Breezy Pleasaunce of the North

SKETCHES AT SCARBOROUGH: BY R. G. MATHEWS

This select Yorkshire resort has a name for never being dull—not even in winter. Not only is the air delightfully invigorating, the bathing good, and the scenery round about beautiful, but the Spa provides plenty of attractions should the weather be wet. The sands form a perfect paradise for children. The best and quickest route is by one of the Great Northern Scottish expresses from King's Cross to York and thence by the North Eastern to Scarborough




**"Harmen Pols, Peasant"**

There is something so refreshing about the work of Mr. Maarten Maartens that any book which comes from his pen demands attention (Methuen: 6*s*.). He is one of the few who have found that a language other than his own affords him a better medium of expression. Many English, French, and Belgian men of letters can write a more brilliant essay in Latin than they can in their mother tongues, but it will generally be found that either the subject is alien to the language or that the scenes portrayed are those of the country in whose vernacular the work is expressed. Mr. Maarten Maartens is an exception. He knows his Holland backwards, and it is easy to see that he has a love for it. So that the world may know the beauties of this small kingdom, and may appreciate the fact that underlying the stern Calvinism and Lutheranism of that land, enwrapped in fogs and intersected with dykes, characters as noble as any produced by Latin races—as any of our warrior lords—even though of humble degree, do exist to-day, he acts as the propagandist of Holland's charms, and gives us this tale of Dutch peasant life.

**Marjorie**

The fascinating heroine of L. T. Meade's new novel, "A Girl of To-day." (John Long: 6*s*.)

**A Novelty in Plots**

It is the story of an old farmer who has made a farm by his own labour, and of an elderly aunt who conceives an infatuation for a workman on the farmer's estate. It tells of a marriage which means the spoliation of the farm, under certain settlements, and of the love of Harmen Pols, son of the farmer, for a young girl. The element of tragedy is brought in by the suggestion of certain indiscretions in early life on the part of Harmen's father and mother, and this clouds the horizon for a time. But in the end, when the philosophies taught in modern times have overcome the ultimate Puritanism embedded in the Dutch character, the vindication of Harmen's mother becomes complete, and he sees that "circumstances alter cases." As a graceful writer Mr. Maarten Maartens is unrivalled, and though the less phlegmatic reader of Great Britain may think the action slow at times, the beauty of his writing and the extremely clever character delineation of all the characters make this book one which should be added to the bookshelf. It is a volume of intense interest, which should be included in one's library as speedily as possible—or, better still, circulated among one's friends.

**"Perfidious Lydia"**

Mr. Frank Barrett has written a healthy little out-of-door book with plenty of action (Chatto and Windus: 6*s*.). The time is the opening years of the nineteenth century, and the mode of the telling is really live. There is a capricious heroine, managed, or supposed to be managed, by a guardian, who is far from an estimable personage. Naturally, as love comes into the tale, his ideas of a suitable mate and hers clash, and she prefers to arrange her life on lines which are congenial to her. In other words, she defies him and bolts, disguised as a Romany in a gipsy caravan. The details of daily life in such an encampment, staying, as it does, at various well-known places, are entertaining and very carefully drawn. Mr. Barrett evidently knows his Lavengro, and has some acquaintance with the Romany in his own haunts. Eventually Lydia, the wilful heroine, contracts a Border marriage, and in the end all winds up happily. This is a cheery little work, full of surprises, and most nattily—that's the right word—written, and is produced in a convenient style. What a comfort this opaque but very light paper is to the constant reader! Mr. Barrett and his publishers should both be pleased with *Perfidious Lydia*.

**"The Royal Americans"**

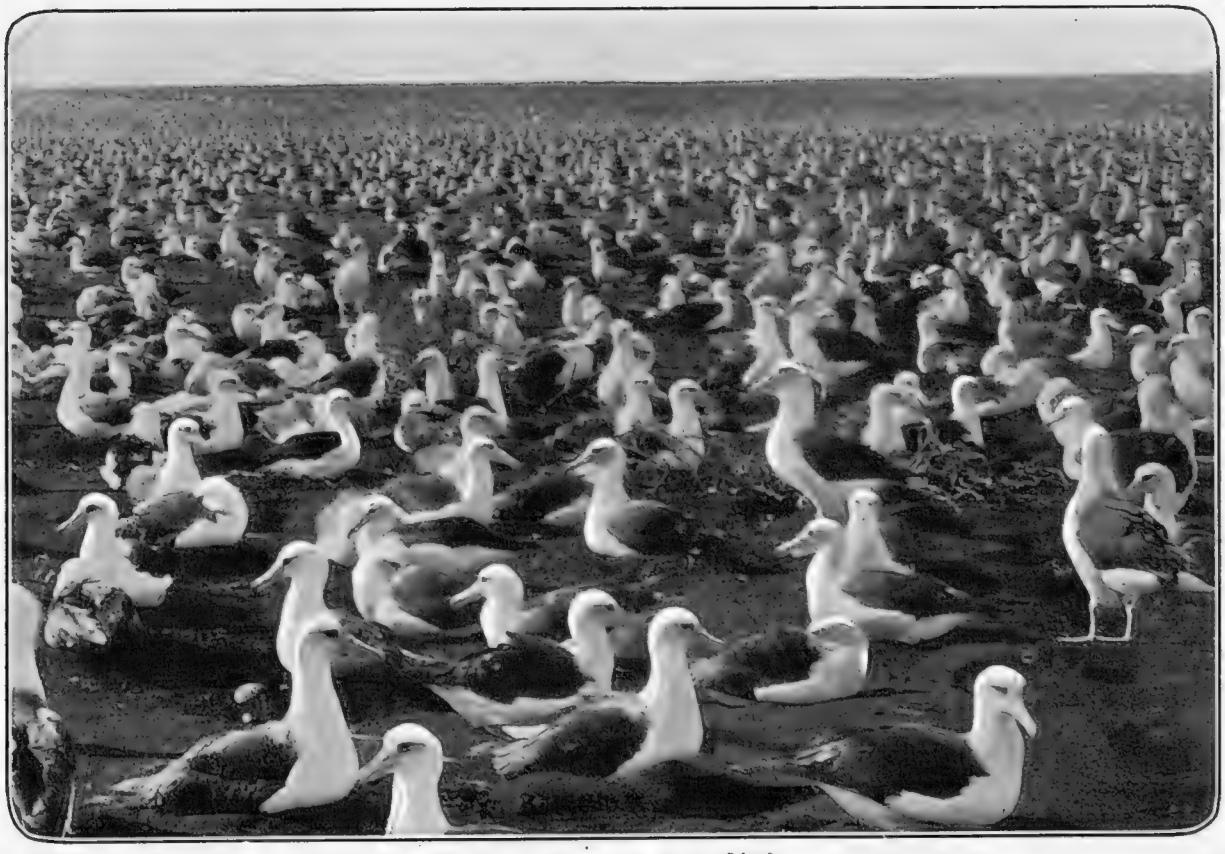
There is a certain finality about this work by Mary Hallock Foote (Constable: 6*s*.) which makes it rather hard to review. If one is to judge fiction by its absolute adherence to fact, then the novel in question is a good one. Who, for instance, could deny the verity of the thrilling passage which states: "When the mansion opens its doors, either Miss Catherine Yelverton will join her father, or she will not." However, though constant repetitions of such self-evident truths as the above-quoted passage abound throughout the volume, there is a good deal of interest in it, and when the lady author has realised the fact that matter and not number of words count in a novel, she will turn out a good work.

# Acres of Albatross

## A NORTH PACIFIC ISLAND CARPETED BY BIRDS

**Wheelbarrows and Trucks Full of Albatross Eggs on the Laysan Islands**

The Laysan Islands are about 800 miles west of Honolulu, Hawaii Islands. Many acres are covered by the albatrosses. The islands are leased to a guano company



**The Albatross Rookery on Laysan Island**

The birds are so numerous and so tame that they have to be pushed aside to enable one to walk. It is estimated that there are two million birds on the islands, most of them white, but some of the sooty species. The sight is one of the most wonderful in the world. Members of the theatrical profession would feel very uncomfortable, we imagine, if they visited the island. They would scarcely be able to avoid what the actor particularly dreads

# THE BLIGHT ON BRITISH LAWN TENNIS

## HAIR-RAISING REVELATIONS BY MR. Q. B. WAILE

[*To the Editor of* The Bystander.]

Dear Sir,—Lawn tennis in England is in a state of festering corruption. It is no use anyone saying it is not. I say it is, and I am the only man in England (except my versatile friend, B. F. Drawley) who knows anything about the game. For a long time stupid persons have been expressing doubts as to my qualifications to speak about the game. At last I am at liberty to rend aside the veil. I won the championship of Upper Woolla-Woolla, in New Zealand, in 1885. I would not refer to it before for fear of hurting the feelings of my defeated opponents; but now all those who took part in that tournament are dead, and it is quite safe to speak. I have also been photographed in more positions than anyone who ever played the game. See the illustrations to my books, on sale at all booksellers, "Piffle About Patball" and "Drivel About the Dohertys" (with a special chapter "How I Beat Laurie 6—0, 6—0, 6—0"), and articles in various magazines where the editor has only one door to his room.

*Photograph* *Sport and General*
**W. A. Larned**
The Doherty of American lawn tennis, who has just won the U.S. Singles Championship for the sixth time

As I was saying when the fascination of my subject carried me away, the game is rotten to the core (except for myself and my accomplished friend, B. F. Drawley). I know positively for a fact that two very prominent players, whose names I refrain from mentioning (from innate delicacy of feeling, and not through any fear of a libel action or a thick ear), receive a salary of £10,000 a year each from Messrs. Shrink Brothers for saying that they get their white ducks there. The secretary of one of the most important clubs admitted to me that he always found a £100 bank-note inside his breakfast bloater on the day before a tournament, with a request that he would conceal from the players the fact that Messrs. —— had supplied ping-pong balls for the meeting instead of the proper kind. The same firm has subsidised all the linesmen in the kingdom to footfault every player who uses any other make of racket than their own, at £5 a footfault. All these facts I can absolutely vouch for, as is proved by the fact that I am prepared to write an article on the subject at any moment on suitable terms.

I wrote to a very High Personage about the matter, enclosing a copy of my books, "Piffle About Patball" and "Drivel About the Dohertys" (Spoofer and Bluffem: 7*s*. 6*d*. net), and he was very much interested. In fact, I was offered a knighthood, but, as is well known, my devotion to lawn tennis is pure and single-hearted, and I could not dream of accepting any kind of reward for my signal services and numerous inventions in connection with the game.

Not only is lawn tennis in England utterly corrupt, but, in spite of all I have written on the subject, no one knows how to play it. To begin with, all English players (except my scholarly friend, B. F. Drawley) hold their rackets in the wrong way. A glance at the portraits of myself in "Piffle About Patball" will prove this at once. The mistake they make is to hold their rackets in their hands. The hand is the worst possible portion of the body to use for the purpose, for to swing the arms is not a natural motion, and produces a cramped action, which is especially noticeable in the case of the Dohertys. The legs, on the other hand, have a free pendulum motion, cultivated by the action of walking, and produce the best offensive and defensive stroke. I myself always play standing on my head, with the toes of my right foot grasped firmly, but not too stiffly, round the *extreme end* of the handle of the racket, the big toe slightly apart from the others and more or less parallel with the handle. I then swing the leg well round with a free and natural action, the head of the racket starting from the left ear and finishing in front of the right knee-cap. It was by this method that I defeated Laurie Doherty 6—0, 6—0, 6—0 (as described by me in "Drivel About the Dohertys"), and it enables me to drive three times as hard and four times as accurately as S. H. Smith with one-sixth of the exertion. See the illustration of me in "Piffle About Patball," page 1,139. It is also the only true method of making the back-scratching stroke, which no Englishman (except my cultivated friend, B. F. Drawley) has the slightest idea how to produce properly.—Yours faithfully, Q. B. Waile.

### The Back-Scratching Stroke

[*To the Editor of* The Bystander.]

Dear Sir,—My friend, Q. B. Waile, in a recent article remarked that the back-scratching stroke was a lost art in lawn tennis. He was kind enough, however, to mention me as an exception to the rule. May I say that I believe that he himself is the finest exponent I know of this art?—Yours faithfully, B. F. Drawley.

# Famous Cricketers: No. 8

MR. K. L. HUTCHINGS: A SKETCH BY THORPE

One of the finest bats of the present day, K. L. Hutchings, like many another Kentish cricketer, hails from Tonbridge. Last season his average was 43.13, and his batting has been at least as consistently good this year. He is said to be the best-looking cricketer playing

# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

**The Open Championship**

"Man never is but always to be blessed," may well be applied to the regulations under which the Open Championship is played. It is almost impossible to remember clearly the various changes that have been made in the regulations, and even now there appears to be no finality in the matter. People are still dissatisfied with the arrangements, and a cry has gone up for some scheme which shall kill the "rabbits" and prevent them from swelling the list of entries and blocking the course over which the Championship is decided. The various phases through which the Championship has gone may be ascertained by those interested by reference to the account given in "Nisbet's Golf Year Book." It will be seen that in later years there has been a constant fight with the increasing numbers of entrants. This year at St. Andrews the earliest players had to start at 8.30 and 8.35 respectively on the two qualifying days, and couples were being started from that hour onward without intermission till a late period of the two days. It requires but a few more entries to make it impossible to settle the qualifying rounds in two days, and we shall then be brought back to the four days instead of the three which this year's change in the regulations brought about.

**Playing by Sections**

It has been seriously urged that some system analogous to that by which the *News of the World* Tournament decides its preliminary stages shall be applied to the Open Championship, and that players all over the country shall contend in sections for the privilege of being permitted to compete for the Championship. None of the critics of the present system and supporters of this idea has yet propounded a detailed plan for bringing this idea from the realms of conjecture to those of reality. I do not believe that any plan can be devised which shall give a fair chance to all players. If you divide the country into sections some of the sections are bound to be stronger than others. How are you to deal with this difficulty? How are you going to allocate, on a fair plan, the numbers which shall be given to each section? It is possible to do it in the case of the *News of the World* Tournament, for this is a minor competition as compared with the Championship. Then, too, the *News of the World* Tournament is confined to members of the Professional Golfers' Association, if I mistake not, and it is, therefore, a close and not an open competition. But the Open Championship, as its title implies, is a competition open to players all over the world, and is not confined to any particular class or section. It is, therefore, on an entirely different basis. In any regulations that may be propounded for governing it this fact must be borne in mind.

**Mr. Clive Lawrence**
Of Nairn and Cunningdale, who won the Open Amateur Tournament at Nairn, beating Mr. G. Thomson in the final by one hole. Mr. Thomson had previously knocked out Captain C. K. Hutchison in the semi-final

**A Vicious Principle**

We must be careful not to diminish in any way the importance of the competition. Already we have imported the vicious principle of exclusion into the Amateur Championship, and it may be hoped that this bad example will not be followed. I protest most strongly against any system which would cause any part of the Open Championship to be played on any course but the one chosen as the Championship course of the year. The qualifying rounds must be played on that course, and ought to be played at the time set for the great competition. So long as the scoring method is retained there seems no better plan than the present one. If any further change is to be made let it be a bold change which shall import match play into the final stages, leaving the qualifying to be done by scoring.

**Mr. Colin Boyd**

The Royal North Devon Club has suffered a severe loss by the death of Mr. Colin Boyd, one of its best-known and most-beloved members. All those who had the pleasure and privilege of knowing Mr. Boyd will join with me in deepest sympathy with his family and friends at his premature death. He represented his club as delegate on many occasions, and strove loyally and ably to bring about the inclusion of Westward Ho! in the rota of the Championships. His was a most charming and winning personality. He will be sorely missed at Westward Ho! and by all the many golfers all over the country who knew him and loved him.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

# The Children's Paradise

THE MARGATE BEACH

Nowhere in the world will you see a greater number of healthy, happy children than at Margate. These little ones are the glory and pride of Margate's rulers, and they are indeed a most wonderful advertisement for the popular resort. Margate provides plenty of amusement for the masses, and it is a fact that at a recent week-end certain visitors who could not gain admittance to any hotel had to sleep in their motor-cars and envy those fortunate enough to get a shake-down in an hotel corridor. The South Eastern Railway Co.'s service is splendid, and may truly be said to have made the place

# Comfort in Shooting

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

*Photograph*] **Comfort and Luxury: Lunch and a Welcome Rest** [*Leonard Willoughby*

A capital shooting-car, in which lunch can be taken. It will carry twenty-seven people and eight or ten dogs

WE all have our fads in life, and as regards shooting there are those who glory in and boast of making simply a toil of it, who enjoy lunching on a piece of stale bread and cheese in a wet ditch or on a bank alive with biting insects. These gentlemen sneer at comfort, and would not enjoy a day's shoot unless they experienced everything which is the antithesis of it. In a somewhat extended experience of the shooting field I have tried both, and I unhesitatingly give my vote in favour of comfort. The question may be asked, "What do you mean by comfort?" I reply, "There are many things included in the word." There is comfort in a well-made, well-fitting gun and in the clothes one wears; there is comfort in the way a shoot is managed and conducted; there is comfort in not overdoing a day's shoot, especially for those of riper years; there is comfort in sitting down on a dry seat in a warm room on a cold day to a nice warm lunch; there is comfort in having birds driven over one, thereby getting far more sporting and difficult shots; there is comfort in being taken quickly to and from a shoot in a motor-car, especially after a long, wet day. Doing things in comfort is certainly no drawback to good shooting—rather the reverse—for exhaustion and discomfort are all against it.

As regards dress for comfort, I am often staggered at the very remarkable clothes worn by some who shoot. To be really comfortable and workmanlike there is nothing like loose-fitting, well-made clothes, a roomy jacket which gives full play to the arms and shoulders, and good, baggy knickers, which give the legs freedom from hip to knee. Breeches and leggings are all very well for some shaped legs—thin ones, for instance—but even then I should not recommend them for extended walking. There is nothing like the old-fashioned knicker with strap and buckle, thick hand-made stockings, well-greased boots which are soft and strongly nailed, and anklets. The latter should be of white material (for they are easily washed and dried), and are a great protection against getting one's legs peppered in a wood by yahoos who mistake legs for rabbits! A flannel shirt with a flannel collar attached, and a cap or headgear proof against wet, yet *well ventilated*. For the hands on a cold day there is nothing like knitted mittens, leaving the fingers free; in hot weather the best way to keep cool is to turn up the cuffs and keep the wrists exposed. In all cases clothes should be quiet in colour.

A great luxury nowadays is a shooting motor-car, which can be used to lunch in. Such motors are by no means expensive, and are on solid tyres. A great comfort is, on rising in the morning, to place the head in cold water and to keep open the eyes as long as possible. This not only washes and cleans them, but greatly strengthens them, and helps enormously to improve one's shooting. Defective eyesight is all against a good performance, as are "nerves." Those who smoke cigarettes continually are, as we too well know, usually jumpy and fidgety owing to the nerve-destroying habit. There is nothing like keeping in good health and genial society for real comfort and happiness, and he who leads a steady life, and keeps good hours, and carries out a few of the ideas I have enumerated, should manage to realise what comfort is. At any rate, this is my reply to those who care to know what I mean when I allude to "comfort in shooting."

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Lord Derby, owner of Swynford, greatly fancied for the St. Leger

# Racing Notions

## DONCASTER

By CARBINE

F. Wootton, who will ride Swynford in the St. Leger, run off to-day (Wednesday)

### St. Leger Chances

Many a hot favourite has been bowled over on the Town Moor, and backers of Lemberg need not count their gains until the winning-post has been passed. Thanks to a series of misfortunes to other horses, notably Neil Gow, Greenback, and Charles O'Malley, the Manton colt has tightened in price, and just before the race it will probably be difficult to back him except by laying good odds on. That is not at all the sort of game which commends itself to the majority of racegoers, and "something to beat the favourite" will be generally sought for. Well, I have all along gone solidly for Swynford, and the tremendous furore for the Derby winner will not put me off Lord Derby's slashing colt. I know the tremendous improvement he has made since Lemberg beat him at Epsom and Ascot. I know that his staying powers are exceptional, and I know, too, that in the hands of Frank Wootton, who is riding irresistibly just now, he will have the advantage of splendid horsemanship. Lemberg is not a wonder, otherwise he would not have allowed Greenback to get within a neck of him in the Derby, nor would he have failed so abjectly at Paris in the Grand Prix. I am not so foolish as to ignore the great chance possessed by Mr. Fairie's colt on most of his form; but if we relied solely upon form, and took no count of the many other things which bear upon the running of a racehorse, we should soon be all at sea.

*Photographs* *Sport and General*

Lord Derby's Swynford, who is Carbine's Selection to win the St. Leger to-day (Wednesday)

### A Useful Outsider

I find it pays as a rule to look for the best outsider in a race like the St. Leger and to back him "both ways." Of course, I do not reckon Winkipop and Rosedrop in the category of outsiders. Bronzino, Wolfe Land, Cardinal Beaufort, and Merry Jack have been most often mentioned at long odds, and of these I have a liking for the last. There was considerable merit about his last race, when he very unexpectedly beat Maid of Corinth, and as he is quoted at 25 to 1 at the time of writing, the Duke of Portland's colt can be backed remuneratively for a place. I expect that both he and his handsome stable companion, Winkipop, will acquit themselves very creditably in the great race. Concerning the chance of the Hungarian colt, Ksiaze Pan, nothing can be definitely said, as there is no possible line between him and the home candidates. My selection is **Swynford.** Lemberg, I think, will be second, but to those looking for longer shots I commend WINKIPOP and MERRY JACK.

### Other Selections

Regarding other events on the St. Leger Day, **Dalnacrag** is in such good fettle just now that he may win the Cleveland Handicap, and for the Rufford Abbey Handicap I fancy **Queen's Journal.** On Thursday **Galleot** may win the Portland Handicap, and on the same afternoon **Black Potts** may take the Rous Plate. In the probable absence of Bayardo the Doncaster Cup on Friday may fall to **Bachelor's Double.**

"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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**Farman on Flying**

Henry Farman, who should certainly speak with authority, has been tilting most cavalierly at the inflation of some flyers (this by inference) and at the popular conception of the difficulties and dangers of aviation (this by direct assault). He holds that, given the sympathetic temperament, a man may fly in ten minutes, and certainly in a couple of hours, while the practice of the pastime is actually less dangerous than land motoring. On the first face that is robbing the game of its glamour with a vengeance, *but*——! Farman says: "The art of conducting an aeroplane comprises three different acts—(1) Rising; (2) turning; (3) landing. When the pupil knows how to accomplish these three movements he is a master of aerial navigation." As simple as that! Also when a man knows how to pitch a ball that will get past the batsman and dislodge the bails, he is a master of bowling. Or when a man knows how to hit properly with driver, brassie, niblick, and the other irons, he is a master of golf. The only difference is that when the bowler sends down a loose ball or the golfer swipes the spot where his pilule is not, both may make appropriate remarks and try again; but when the aviator mulls his turning or landing the remarks are generally left to the coroner. A small matter, perhaps, but rather material at times.

**The Gentle Art of Landing**

Certainly the control of a machine, so far as that is in the hands of the aviator, is simplicity itself—the waggling of an elementary lever or the depression of a pedal. And, of course, one pupil will acquire the habit of correct action more readily than another. As a matter of fact, flying (of sorts) *is* much too easy. Anybody can get off the ground almost at the first attempt with a machine that is made to rise; and anybody can get back to earth again—somehow. It is the getting back that makes the prime problem, and despite Farman's optimism and his unchallenged authority, I very gravely doubt whether in two hours any man, however temperamentally perfect, could execute, say, a *vol plané* properly should his engine suddenly fail. I would give him two weeks, and still have fears for him. I speak upon matters relating to actual flight with the whispering humbleness of one who has still to make his first ascent, but observation confirmed by the experiences of pilots, compels a conclusion that does not coincide with the impression which Farman seems concerned to convey.

**The Virtue of Caution**

I will take leave to question whether Farman was well advised in writing his article. I am not disposed to magnify the dangers and difficulties of flight. I am much less disposed to contribute anything to the further inflation of any spoiled aviator. The best flyers deprecate that excess of eulogy which the crowd is always ready to pour upon anybody presenting it with a new and apparently daring sensation. Hubert Latham, after giving a breathless exhibition of airmanship at Blackpool last year under meteorological conditions which, to the onlooker, made the attempt recklessly foolhardy, quietly dismissed the idea of danger, and refused to admit his performance as remarkable, although at that time it was probably the most amazing that had been witnessed. He knew the strength of the wind

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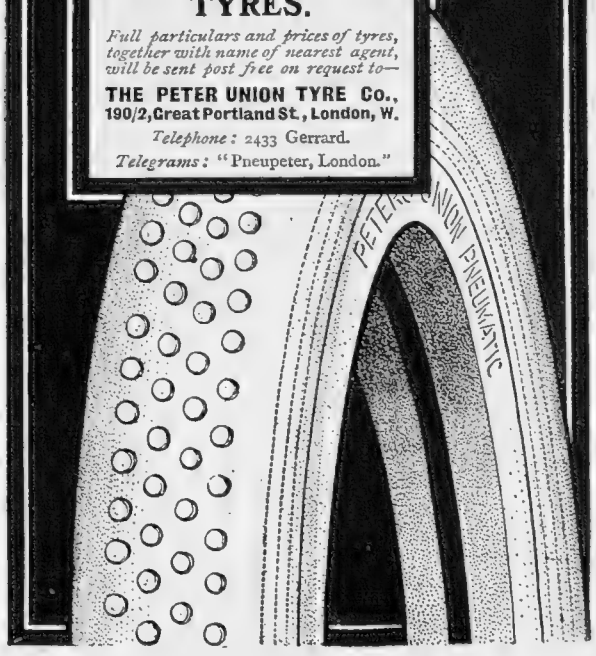

and the power and speed of his machine. While the latter exceeded the former, he knew there was no great danger, and would not accept the view of those who were over eager to invert him with the halo of heroism. That is the characteristic modesty of the good sportsman. To this extent, therefore, we may have fellowship with the spirit of Farman's article, but to reduce flying to something like the level of donkey-riding seems to savour of ultra-iconoclasticism, and may lead to an over-confidence in the tyro, which is several degrees less desirable than a becoming caution.

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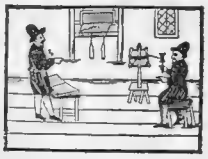

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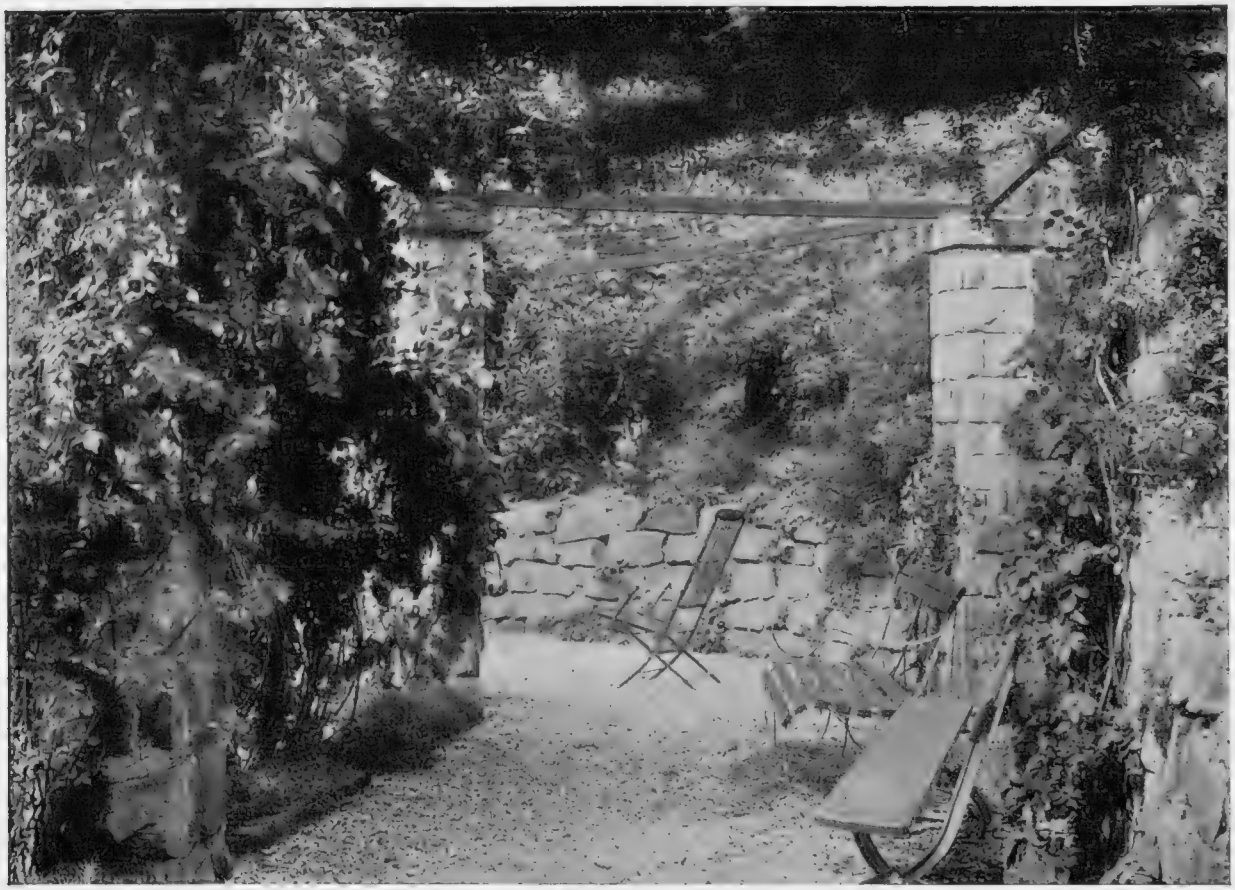
**The Importance of Ripened Growth**

One of the worst effects of such a summer as we have had is that the growth does not ripen properly. In the case of plants which are grown under glass the gardener is more or less independent of the weather. If the ripening is not satisfactory during the month or two that they are placed in the open air, the process can be continued afterwards by withholding moisture and, if necessary, raising the temperature. Even if it cannot be completed, as the plants will not be exposed to frost, they are not likely to be damaged. They probably will not flower next season, but that is all. In the case of plants outside, however, it is different. Unripened growth on them is almost certain to be killed in winter—quite certain if the winter is severe. This is one reason why artificial fertilisers should be applied during the first half of the season. If they are applied towards the end of summer they encourage late growth, which must remain soft and sappy. The destruction of immature wood in valuable shrubs and trees is often a serious matter, but, apart from the precaution just mentioned, very little can be done in a cold, damp season to prevent it. If, however, they are very much shut in and can be more fully exposed to the air in any way, as by the removal of other plants, it would be a useful thing to do.

**Richardias or Arum Lilies**

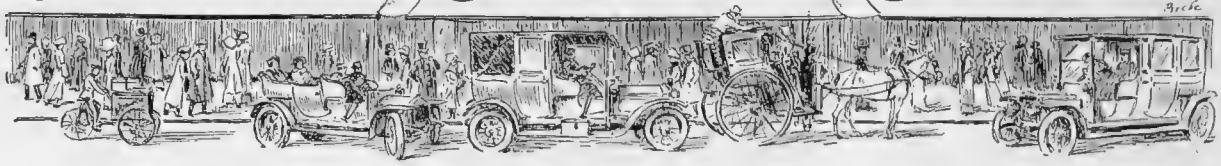
Richardias (arum lilies) which were planted out at the beginning of summer should be repotted and returned to the greenhouse. They will soon be forming fresh roots and throwing up fresh leaves, and before that happens they ought to be in their pots. The most suitable soil consists of loam and leaf-mould. If there is enough of the latter sand is not necessary. When once growth commences it should be continuous. An ordinary greenhouse temperature is quite sufficient unless very early flowers are wanted, but if the plants are exposed to frost the heavy leaves will become limp and fall, and nothing will raise them again. Fortunately, richardias are rarely attacked by any pests except by aphides, which may be got rid of by vaporising or by syringing with soapy water. If there are only a few plants, it may be less trouble just to sponge the leaves. R. africana is still the commonest, but there are several varieties, such as Childsiana and the dwarf Little Gem, which are more floriferous than the type. Perhaps the handsomest species is R. Elliottiana, with golden yellow flowers and spotted foliage. It requires, however, a higher temperature than the others, and is best treated as a stove plant.

H. C. Davidson.



An Unusual but None the Less Attractive Pergola

# Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.



By MRS. JACK MAY

WHILE the "hobble" skirt pursues its ungraceful way, growing daily more extravagant and ridiculous, and so, one sincerely hopes, speedily working out a total and final extinction, the eye turns pleasurably enough to the neat knock-about suits of rough Irish and Scotch tweeds that abound on every side. The enterprise in this particular direction is most marked. It is possible to walk into a ready-made suit, costing anything from three to six guineas, as well cut, finished, and generally pleasing in aspect as those we have hitherto been called upon to pay double the price, and have built, moreover, to special order.

The styles vary very little; in fact, not at all in the case of the skirt, which is plain and close-fitting about the hips, and of a comfortable circumference at the hem. In short, the really practical walking skirt which is a veritable joy to wear. With the shapely semi-fitting coats, however, a slight diversity is brought to bear, some boasting single and others double-breasted fronts, but there is a very marked tendency to carry the opening low down, faced back with narrow lapels, an influence directly traceable to the *penchant* for frills on shirts.

My prophecy is that we shall have a perfect epidemic of trim, tweed-clad women almost immediately, who will surely put to shame the silly adherents of the hobble skirt and shapeless type of coat. At the same time, there is every prospect that skirts on the slim side will predominate in the early autumn *habillée* gowns, although there will be nothing from Paris to touch the grotesque exaggerations resorted to by a certain common-class little English girl. Trains also, for *grande tenue*, are assuredly reasserting themselves, and are likely to be gratefully accepted by older women, to whom an *arrière* appendage is ever an encouraging support, and a compensation for the loss of youthful outline.

*Photograph*] **The Hip-Length Coat** [*Henri Manuel*

Which has had an unexpected revival. It is effected in diagonal serge, or any of the rough homespuns or tweeds. It is worn with a *chic* frilled shirt, and in itself is absolutely without decoration, save for the necessary buttons

### A Mélange of Braiding and Embroideries

Cleared away as though they had never been, blown to the four corners of the world, yclept *démode*, are the continuous embroidered designs of last season. All the decorations this season are arranged in detachments, mostly with some *raison d'être* of pocket flaps, mammoth threaded effects, panel outlines, and the like. On a dark elephant-grey tweed there was a deft mingling of coarse, broad, black silk braid, *soutache*, and a heavy raised silk embroidery, this clever stitchery marking out a quaint stole-shaped collar among other things.

More exigent than ever will be the demand for individual inspiration in the workings out of these ornamentations. Anything will be permissible that breaks away from the ordinary and commonplace, and, moreover, exacts hand work. Dome-shaped gun-metal buttons are having something of a vogue in tailoring realms, together with a *changeant* velvet for collar, revers, and cuff facings. And with all these coats and skirts the accompanying blouse will take up the note of colour, sometimes in transparent fabrics and again in ottoman silk and cashmere *de soie*.

THE
# BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 353.—Vol. XXVII. Wednesday, September 7, 1910

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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GALLERY OVER 40FT. LONG, and
MAGNIFICENT BILLIARD ROOM WITH ALCOVE.

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Complete offices, with servants' hall, 2 staircases, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. *Large amount of old panelling, with rare paintings and other characteristics.* Motor-house. Acetylene gas. Company's water, main drainage. Kitchen and flower gardens, orchard, in all about 2 acres. Close to church, post, telegraph, and station.—Details from HAMPTON and SONS, who cannot too strongly recommend this residence from personal knowledge. Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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In view of the permanent effect of the Valuation which is now imminent of all Landed Properties, whether Residential or Agricultural, throughout the kingdom, and especially as it affects the Home Counties, when the question of Site Values must raise many difficult questions for landowners, HAMPTON AND SONS are prepared to MAKE THESE VALUATIONS or to check the official estimates.

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WITHIN AN HOUR OF TOWN.
*Picturesque Residence in park of 136 acres.*

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*Entrance hall, grand reception hall, drawing room (30ft. 6in. by 20ft.), dining room (30ft. 6in. by 21ft. 6in.), library (22ft. by 20ft.), morning room (21ft. by 17ft.), study, 20 bedrooms, complete offices, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, conservatory.*

Some of the rooms are charmingly panelled, and all doors on ground floor are of solid mahogany of the Sheraton period. Range of outbuildings, comprising perfectly fitted model laundry, extensive larder and game larders, brew houses, and range of kennels. Stabling for several horses and farmery.—Personally inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

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EXCELLENT GOLFING FACILITIES.
75 MINUTES BY NON-STOP EXPRESS TRAINS FROM LONDON, CLOSE TO RAILWAY STATION.
FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE,
*in secluded position, yet with valuable frontages.*

KENT.—"PRESTON HOUSE," Faversham. For SALE, Freehold, an exceedingly valuable PROPERTY, comprising a typical Georgian Residence, stabling for 3, convenient outbuildings, and

EXCEEDINGLY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS

of about 15 acres, with tennis lawns, flower, fruit, and kitchen gardens and paddock, affording a unique opportunity for profitable development owing to its proximity to the railway station and town, and its extensive frontages of about 2,000ft. to three roads. The Residence contains a suite of lofty reception rooms, lounge hall, billiard room, conservatory, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and usual offices.

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No land tax. Small tithe. Will be SOLD by AUCTION on September 27, in two lots, unless previously disposed of.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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WITH FROM 100 TO 971 ACRES. AT A REALLY LOW PRICE.

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ABOUT THE XVIIth CENTURY,
surrounded by magnificently timbered grounds and parklike lands of 177 acres, through which it is approached by a long avenue of forest trees, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: entrance and inner halls, 5 reception rooms of excellent dimensions, 24 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 7 horses, with coach-houses, etc., and coachman's cottage. The grounds are quite a feature, the large extent of woodlands providing delightful walks; lakes affording boating and trout fishing.—Plan and detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,442)

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QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.
A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF OVER 300 ACRES.

**TO BE SOLD,** a compact PROPERTY, with beautiful grounds, parkland and woodlands, with a fine Residence, approached by a long drive, and containing: panelled hall and 5 reception rooms, about 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc; practically every modern convenience is installed, including
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TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

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**COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).**

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LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.

Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.

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| Lot | a. | r. | p. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1.—Stratton Audley Hall, grounds, and stabling | 9 | 2 | 20 |
| 2.—Hunting stables, house, and paddock | 4 | 0 | 27 |
| 3.—The Thatched House, grounds, and stabling | 7 | 3 | 38 |
| 4.—Accommodation land | 19 | 1 | 32 |
| 5.—Ditto | 25 | 3 | 37 |
| 6.—Ditto | 55 | 3 | 39 |
| 7.—Small holding | 88 | 3 | 30 |
| 8.—Ditto | 42 | 2 | 20 |
| | 254 | 3 | 3 |

—Particulars of Messrs. MARKBY, STEWART and Co., Solicitors, 57, Coleman Street, E.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

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**ROMSEY** (near).—The above attractive Country HOUSE, high on gravel, in grounds of 5 ACRES, to be SOLD at the REDUCED PRICE OF £3,000; beautifully situated with fine views; ¾ mile from station, 10 from Winchester: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall with fireplace, ample offices; gas and water laid on; stabling, motor-house, cottage; pretty but inexpensive grounds, tennis courts, kitchen garden, etc. —WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,918)

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6 ACRES.

Price, £3,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,190)

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**THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE,** on high ground, facing South, to LET for Winter or one year: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 4; large gardens. CAPITAL HUNTING.
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**GLOS. AND OXON BORDERS** (beautiful district).—Comfortable HOUSE in large grounds: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception, and lounge hall. EXCELLENT HUNTING 5 DAYS A WEEK. Heythrop, North Cotswold, etc.; capital stabling 5 horses. Low rent for 6 months.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,255)

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GRANDLY TIMBERED GROUNDS.

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UNDER 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

**TO BE SOLD,** a commodious RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in grounds of about 20 ACRES. It is approached by an AVENUE DRIVE of some 150 yards in length, and the accommodation comprises: 3 good reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and the usual offices; stabling for 4, coach-house, harness room, etc.; cottage; the grounds include 4 tennis courts, orchards, and meadow-land. Moderate price.—Box K 4,752, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AT A VERY GREAT SACRIFICE.

**BASINGSTOKE AND READING** (between).—On some of the highest ground on the borders of Hants and Berks, with a

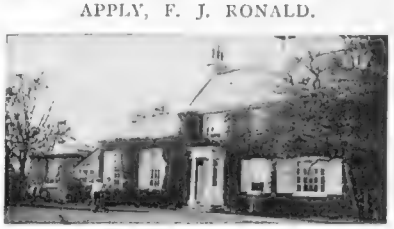
GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW FOR MANY MILES

To be SOLD, a handsome, well-built, modern COUNTRY HOUSE, on gravel soil, amidst pretty terraced grounds. On the upper floors: 16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, grand lounge hall (32 ft. by 18 ft. 9 in. and 21 ft. high), 3 reception rooms, magistrate room, and extensive offices; lighted by gasolene; first-rate stabling for 14 horses, large coach-house, 2 cottages, and groom's rooms; laundry and cottage, farm cottage and homestead; excellent kitchen garden and grassland; hunting 5 days a week; golf and polo within 4 miles;

18 or 50 ACRES;

accommodation for 4 motors, with pit.—Box H 8,253, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

APPLY, F. J. RONALD.



**BRIGHTON.**—To be LET, Furnished, for year or less, the above RESIDENCE, containing: 4 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room with new table, 8 bedrooms, usual offices, etc.; good stabling; well-matured and shady old grounds.
F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 845)

NEAR 3 GOLF LINKS. OFF MAIN ROAD.

**A CHARMING RESIDENCE,** standing in its own grounds, containing: good sitting hall, drawing room, dining room, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and the usual offices; prettily laid-out grounds of about an acre; full-sized tennis lawn, kitchen garden; electric light; Company's water; ½ mile from main line station.—For further information apply, OWNER, "Overmead," West Byfleet, Surrey.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BRACING POSITION, 350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAND VIEWS.

**£3,000.**—**FOR SALE,** a beautifully placed COUNTRY PROPERTY, including picturesque modern House, fitted with all modern improvements and in perfect order: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; main water; gas; modern drainage; delightful grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, walled kitchen and fruit gardens; golf.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

In the most beautiful part of Berkshire, and within easy reach of Newbury and Reading.

**PERFECT SHOW PLACE FOR SALE.**—Delightful old red-brick QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, containing: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling, cottage, and studio; the perfect old-world gardens, with grand herbaceous borders, pergolas, great yew hedges, lawns, etc., have been the subject of a special article in *Country Life;* in all the property covers about 3½ acres.—Inspected and very highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., and at Yeovil.

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**£1,700** **FREEHOLD.**—Very attractive HOUSE and about 2 acres. Accommodation: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, cosy lounge, capital offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 2 horses, coach and motor-house; air-gas installed; main water; secluded and charming gardens, beautifully shaded and attractively arranged; 6-roomed cottage included.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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**TO BE LET UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD,** a charming modern RESIDENCE, in a good position, and a few minutes' rail of Bath and Bristol. It contains: *lounge hall,* 3 reception rooms, *billiard room,* 8 bedrooms, bathroom; Company's water; telephone; attractive grounds of about 1 acre.—Personally inspected and recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

**£1,600** **FREEHOLD.**—DORSET (*Blackmore Vale and Lord Portman's country*).—3 *reception rooms,* 6 *bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; about* 11 *acres.—Agents,* WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

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**TO BE LET FOR THE SEASON,** well-known and historic MANSION, containing: 20 bed and dressing and bathrooms, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, etc., beautifully Furnished; extensive stabling; grand old gardens.

*RENT, FOR 6 MONTHS FROM OCT. 1, £350, WAGES OF 5 GARDENERS INCLUDED. ALSO SHOOTING OVER 1,000 ACRES.*

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£125 PER ANNUM UNFURNISHED OR PARTIALLY FURNISHED.
£200 PER ANNUM FURNISHED.

**SOMERSET.**—A fine old Family RESIDENCE, beautifully situated amidst charming grounds and well-timbered park, and approached by a magnificent avenue of limes. It contains: 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling, garage for 3 cars; 1½ miles from station; hunting with 3 packs; golf; *1,500 acres of shooting if required.*—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

A RENOWNED FREEHOLD SURREY PROPERTY.
IN A LOVELY RURAL SPOT, BUT WITHIN AN HOUR OF LONDON.
NEAR GOOD GOLF COURSES.

**TO BE SOLD,** with or without the beautiful collection of Furniture, a remarkably fine RESIDENCE, standing 400ft. above sea level, and commanding magnificent views, surrounded by lovely gardens, embowered by a delightful park. The accommodation comprises:

| | |
|---|---|
| Noble oak-panelled hall, | 15 bedrooms, |
| oak-panelled dining room, | 4 well-equipped bathrooms, |
| 2 other reception rooms, | splendid offices, |
| billiard room, | 2 staircases. |

The stabling comprises 4 loose boxes, 2 coach-houses, garage, etc. The whole Property covers about 36 acres, is in the best possible state of upkeep, main water is laid on, and the soil is green sand.—Illustrated particulars, plans, etc., from the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.
ABOUT 70 ACRES OF GOOD LAND BOUNDED BY THE RIVER ARUN.

**£4,500** **FREEHOLD.**—This exceptionally attractive little ESTATE includes the above depicted old-world House, which has recently been put *in thorough order* at considerable expense. It contains: charming entrance hall, drawing and dining rooms each with oak-beamed ceilings, smoking room, *fine oak staircase,* 8 bedrooms, bathroom, good offices, etc.; the House is wired for *electric light,* has good water supply and modern sanitation; gardens laid out in the old-fashioned style, and there are ample buildings, including new cottage, motor-house, etc.; *the sub-soil is gravel.*—Agents, Messrs. COLLIER, SON and SPARKES, Godalming; and WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

**£3,500** **FREEHOLD.**—NEWBURY.—10 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; 13 acres of grandly timbered gardens and parklands.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

**ASHDOWN FOREST.**—**£3,600, FREEHOLD,** 90 *ACRES. Capital FARM. Lovely views, 400 ft. above sea level; small Farmhouse.—Agents,* WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

**LOVELY HASLEMERE and HINDHEAD.**—A really beautiful HOUSE, facing South, and in a superb position. It contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, fine hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; very charming grounds, gardens of about 10 acres; excellent stabling.—Price and further particulars from the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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NOBLE MANSION DATING FROM THE REIGN OF HENRY VII.
3,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.
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THE BRITISH-MADE GAS MANTLES
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OF ALL DEALERS.
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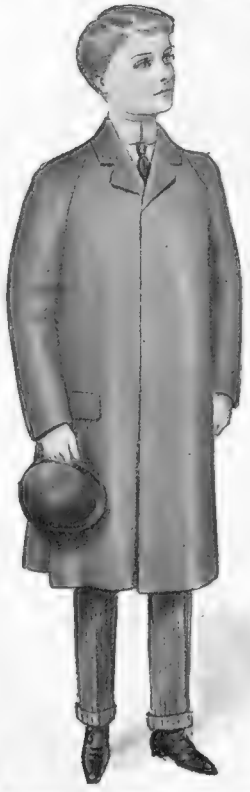

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Well-cut Clothing, Hats, Boots, Hosiery, Underwear, Trunks, Bags, and every requirement always in stock.

Norfolk Suits in Scotch and Irish Tweeds, from **14/6**
Boys' and Youths' Lounge Suits, in every size, and in all the new materials, ready for wear, from **21/-**
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Linen produced in our own Looms at Banbridge, Co. Down, is excellent in quality and reasonable in price.

**Irish Household Linen.**
Dinner Napkins ¾ x ¾ yard, 5/5 doz. Table Cloths, 2½ x 3 yards, 5/11 each. Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yards, 13/6. Hemstitched, 15/11 per pair. Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, 1/4½ each.

**Irish Handkerchiefs.**
Ladies' Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 2/11 doz. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 5/3 doz.

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Four-fold Collars from 4/11 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless Quality," 5/11 each. Old shirts refitted with new bands, fronts, and cuffs, 14/- half doz.

*Samples and Price Lists Post Free.*

44, T, Donegall Place **BELFAST**
Also London and Liverpool

For the moment economy and the blouse have parted company. To each skirt its own corsage. And this will be as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

### The Coming Vogue for Vivid Tints

It will probably be another six weeks or two months ere the fact is fully emphasised. But those responsible for our modistic fate are determined it shall be a season of warm, rich colours. This is as it should be for our dull, dour climate. Pale and indefinite tones are too speedily lost in the surrounding atmosphere, whereas rich purples, rose, stained glass window blue, Indian red, etc., are all *nuances* that, if discreetly selected, will help to bring out all the best flesh tints of the wearer, and, at the same time, provide a grand background to the rich, dark furs we are destined to adopt.

Personally, I am prepared to uphold the above dictum staunchly, and shall employ such means as are at my command to push it as quickly as may be to the front. Costumes in the heavy-ribbed ottoman silks should prove especially successful in this revived range of bright colours. This silk, if I mistake not, is likely to prove a dangerous rival to velveteen, the latter fabric boasting, notwithstanding, some heavy backing. A novelty is pin-line striped velveteen, worked up in the now familiar disjointed manner, the stripes disposed in horizontal, diagonal, and V-pointed patches. All the same, not even the best quality *souple* velveteen is quite ideal wear. There is a certain inevitable weight and a tendency to cling, whereas the ottoman silk is light and yet sufficiently warm, and, best of all, is never in the slightest degree stuffy. So my fancy goes to that material, and in respect of gowns, other than coats and skirts, fashioned with an exceeding simplicity, relieved by some dainty splash of contrast on the corsage.

Another trend that fails to attract me is the vogue of mingling as many as four and five different fabrics in one gown. True, there is a large and influential *couturière* contingent prepared to stand or fall by this departure, consequently successes will doubtless be achieved. But the text is a dangerous one to be handled by other than experts, the tiresome bitty dress, devoid of all artistic hang, being the outcome of the eye incapable of mentally picturing a whole, and calculating the relative value of one material to another.

### A Typical Toque

In its infinite variety this toque is steadily holding the van of millinery fashion, while the little under-cap frill of lace increases in favour every day. The latter provides a most welcome tempering influence to what would otherwise frequently prove a particularly hard, trying line. And of essential consequence is it that the poise should be at some angle, as is revealed in the accompanying picture. This particular model is built of taffeta in a lovely dark mist grey, with at the one side a cluster of hand-made silk roses in delicate shaded tones of rose. But it might be developed in a dozen ways in velvet, velvet and satin, silk, satin, or velvet and feather trimming.

The feather toque is already betraying a dangerous ubiquity, and being placed, as ever, at a price available to the quite modest income, cannot for that reason alone last long. In this regard I may mention incidentally that both in the matter of advance styles and price we are stepping hand in hand with our vaunted French rivals.

*Photograph* *Henri Manuel*

**A Typical Toque with a Little Under-cap Frill of Lace**

### Hip-Length Coats

For those who can stand the extreme severity of this curtailed coat there is immense fascination in so unexpected a revival. American women are particularly happy in their adoption of it, even more so, indeed, than their Parisian pioneers. Effected in diagonal serge, or any of the rough homespuns or tweeds, guiltless of all decoration save the necessary buttons, and worn with some *chic* frilled shirt, the appearance achieved is oftentimes exceptionally striking. Let there be no mistake, however, as to the simplicity. On the coat and individual balance of such a coat hangs a wealth of sartorial knowledge.

---

### Glasgow and S.W. Railway

Although the present summer has not been a particularly bright one, those in the South West of Scotland have no reasonable grounds for complaint, and the following figures will show that for those in search of clear skies and a dry atmosphere it is not at all necessary to undertake a long journey by rail or otherwise. A meteorological observatory has been established at the Turnberry Hotel of the G. and S.W.Rly. Company, and during the period from May 28 up to recent time the amount of bright sunshine recorded is 524 hours.

Compared with places in the "Sunny South" we find that, with the single exception of Falmouth, the Turnberry record exceeds any of the South Coast stations, viz., Torquay, 509 hours; Folkestone, 489 hours; Ventnor, 487 hours; and Brighton, 481 hours. On the East Coast we find Felixstowe with 514 hours; Yarmouth, 448 hours; Scarborough, 314 hours; and Margate, 371 hours.

Returning to the West Coast we have only Douglas, Morecambe, and Blackpool, whose records exceed that of Turnberry with respectively 602, 562, and 559 hours; while Southport and Weston-super-Mare, with 515 and 423 hours, fail to reach the Ayrshire record.

# FLAT SHAPELESS BUSTS

## DEVELOPED & HARDENED IN A FEW DAYS.

### Marvellous Discovery of a Frenchwoman, the Talk of all Paris.

*Free information sent, through a special arrangement, to all readers of* THE BYSTANDER.

The beauty of woman consists not so much in the prettiness of her face, the delicacy of her colour, or the brilliancy of her eyes, as in the elegance of her figure and the outline of her shape. A firm and well-developed bust on an exquisite figure shows off to advantage the simplest dress, and it gives to a woman that prestige and charm which compels praise, homage and favours.

If you are, dear reader, amongst those whose bust has not been too well-favoured by Nature, if your bosom is hardly developed or has lost its firmness, do not despair, since you can now have, like other people, an opulent bust by simply doing at home that which I will discreetly tell you.

My process, called by people wonderful, is unlike any other used up till now. Nothing has to be taken internally, and, consequently, there is no fear of the health being damaged. Day after day you would be able to see your bust increase, the bosom to develop and to reharden, and the throat to become full and rounded. Already tried by thousands of ladies, it has produced surprising results, and brings many letters expressing satisfaction and gratefulness, of which I give extracts from two :—

Miss E. M. H., of St. John's Wood, London, says: "I was delighted to see a decided improvement after two nights' and one morning's application . . . The flesh is good and firm now, the fulness extending by degrees up into my neck and improving that. I shall be willing to answer private letters." Miss F. Tucker, of St. James' Place, London, writes: "I cannot praise too highly your wonderful discovery, which ought to be more widely known. . . . My bust is becoming quite hard and more beautiful every day."

Send me your name and address and I will mail you, free of all charge, the history of my discovery and all the necessary information to give to the bust that desirable amplitude and firmness. Write me at once, as I am being overwhelmed with demands from all parts.

**Free Coupon for Readers of "The Bystander."**

Wishing for full information, free of charge, of your wonderful discovery for the bust, I am sending you herewith this coupon, which I have addressed to

**Hélène Duroy, Division No. 513B, Paris, 20 rue Richer.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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P.S.—It is sufficient to fix this coupon to a 1d. postcard. If using a sealed envelope, stamp at 2½d.—H.D.

# Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

In all sizes and many qualities for men, women, and children. Any Wolsey Garment found to shrink will be REPLACED FREE.

# Every Toilet Table

**Should possess Rowland's Macassar Oil—the oil which is nearest to that which Nature provides for the**

## PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.

**The loss of the natural oil causes the hair to become dry and thin, and ultimately to fall out. Poor Hair mars the effect of a beautiful face. Good Hair adds charm and interest to a plain one.**

# ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Nourishes it—Enriches and Restores it. Prevents the hair from falling off or turning grey. Removes Scurf or Dandruff. May be had in a golden colour for fair hair. Sold in **3/6, 7/-,** and **10/6** bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and at ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

## "Look at YOUR Boots."

Are they polished to your satisfaction?

Miss EMMY WEHLEN admiring her well-polished boots.

When travelling always carry a 'Meltonian' Boot Polish OUTFIT. Easy and clean to use.

Obtainable in various forms.

**The best Polishes FOR ALL BOOTS AND SHOES are the celebrated**

# 'MELTONIAN' BOOT POLISHES,

MELTONIAN BLACKING,
MELTONIAN PASTE,
MELTONIAN CREAM,
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# FATE

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# The Menu: SOME SWEETS WITHOUT EGGS. PUDDINGS AND PASTRY.

### Good Short Crust

One pound of fine, dry, sifted flour (self-raising is the best), 5oz. of clarified beef dripping or butter, or half lard and half butter, and one teaspoonful of sugar. Chop up the fat in little pieces, and rub this into the sweetened flour with the tips of the fingers until it all looks like breadcrumbs. Make a hollow in the middle of the flour, add in some water gradually, stirring it well in as you do so with a knife until the dough sticks together, but does not cling to the hands or to the sides of the basin; roll it up into a lump with the well-floured hands. Flour the paste-board and roller, lay the paste on this, press it out a little with the roller, and then roll it out lightly and quickly to the required thickness, always rolling straight forward and as little as possible. If wanted richer add more butter.

### Open Treacle Tart

Line a tart tin with short crust. Thicken some golden syrup or treacle with breadcrumbs, flavour with a little lemon-juice and grated rind; pour the mixture into the tin, cover, if liked, with a trellis of pastry, and bake. Any jam or fruit can be used in this way.

### Brown Betty Pudding

Six cooking apples, sifted breadcrumbs, one gill of water, one gill of golden syrup, two tablespoonfuls of Demarara sugar, and a little lemon-juice. Peel, core, and slice the apples and arrange them in alternate layers with the breadcrumbs in a piedish, finishing with a layer of crumbs. When the dish is full, pour over it all the water, golden syrup, and sugar mixed together with a dash of lemon-juice. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Sprinkle castor sugar over before serving.

### Apple Beignets

Peel some even-sized cooking apples, cut them into quarter of an inch thick slices. Stamp out the core portion of each with a cutter. Dip the slices in a rich, but fairly stiff frying batter, and fry in hot fat to a golden colour. Take up, drain well, dredge with castor sugar mixed with a little ground cinnamon or vanilla. Serve hot.

### Fruit Mould

Stew in a little water about ½lb. of ripe fresh fruit (if plums are used, it is better to stone them), add sugar to taste. Line a wetted basin with slices of bread, without crust, pour the hot fruit into this, and fit on tightly a top of bread. Place a plate on the top of the basin, with a weight on it, and leave for twelve to twenty-four hours to set. Turn out and serve.

### Sultana Pudding

Six tablespoonfuls of suet, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, twelve tablespoonfuls of flour, eight tablespoonfuls of sultanas or currants, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, a little nutmeg, and mixed peel. Mix all well together with a little milk and a spoonful of treacle. Tie up in a roly-poly shape, and boil for two or more hours.

### Rice and Raisin Dumpling

Sprinkle a damp cloth with a few raisins and half a cup of rice, tie up fairly tightly, and boil quickly for about two hours, or a little longer. For apple and rice dumplings sprinkle the rice on the cloth, add pared, cored, and sliced apple, sugar to taste, tie up tightly, and boil.

### Banana Compôte

Slice three or four ripe bananas into a glass dish, sprinkle with a little castor sugar, a few drops of fresh lemon-juice, and a few drops of brandy. Set in a cool place till wanted.

EMILIA.


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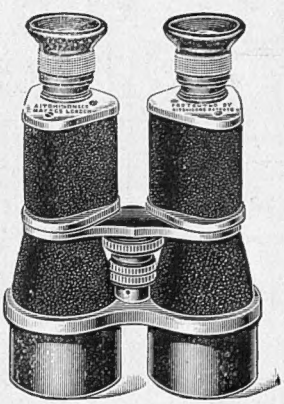

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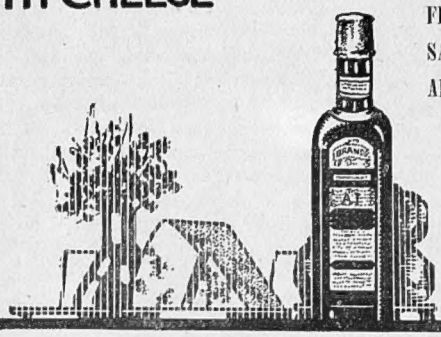

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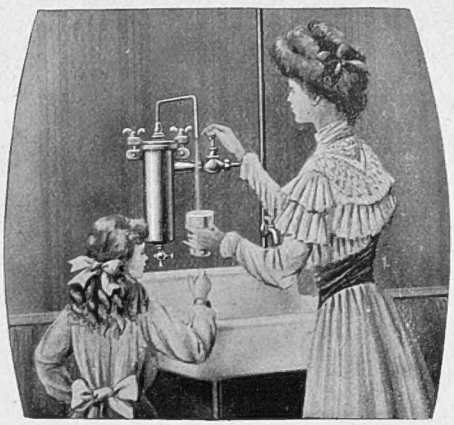

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# The Editor's Box

### The Oxford

The Oxford is verily the cheeriest of spots at which to spend an evening One is always sure of an excellent and varied programme, with never a dull turn. At present the stars include Marie Lloyd, Joe Elvin, Daisy Dormer, King and Benson, Victoria Monks, and Sam Mayo.

### Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

*Capt'n Jack*, a nautical drama in four acts, is the attraction at this theatre this week. Some excellent touring companies are coming here during the winter, including *Our Miss Gibbs*, *The Dairymaids*, and *The Flag Lieutenant*. The cosy little theatre may look to do big business.

### Two Useful Little Books

Published under the auspices of the Great Central Railway Company, "America's Motherland," by T. W. D. Smith (Middleton: 1s. net), is a concise guide for American visitors to England. It is a well-got-up and profusely illustrated little volume, and Mr. Clement Shorter has contributed a chapter, entitled "In a Land of Famous Men." Mr. Smith has also written an interesting booklet, entitled "Cycling Spins in Beechy Bucks," which is illustrated with photographs. It will be found invaluable to cyclists, and the price is 2*d*., or it can be obtained (post free for 3*d*.) from the Publicity Department, Great Central Railway, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

### East and West

It is nearly a hundred years ago since Messrs. Whitmore and Bayley started business in the City of London as importers of Havana produce. They were the first importers of the famous brand of Henry Clay Cigars. This old-established firm have their present premises at St. Michael's House, Cornhill, where they are frequented by connoisseurs of the finest cigars that the world produces. In St. Michael's Alley their warehouse stands on what was formerly a portion of the historical George and Vulture Inn, a starting-place of the old stage-coaches. Here Charles Dickens was always a welcome guest, and here he did quite a considerable amount of writing. Now, Messrs. Whitmore and Bayley find that the exigencies of business demand that they also have an establishment in the West End, to suit the convenience of their customers. They have, therefore, opened premises in the Norwich Union Buildings, at the corner of St. James' Street and Piccadilly. This building is one of the many handsome structures which have recently been erected, and which are helping to make London a city of beauty. Here all their old friends and new ones will be made welcome by the manager in charge, who is an acknowledged expert in the trade, and who has been intimately associated with some of the most famous cigar factories of Havana.

### Ridgways Invalid Teas

The medical profession have for years advocated the use of fine China tea for invalids and persons suffering from weak digestion, dyspepsia, etc., it having been proved by analysis that fine China tea contains very much less tannin than the stronger teas of India and Ceylon. The late Sir Andrew Clarke, the famous physician, who for

**Attractive Illustration on Packets Containing Ridgways Invalid Tea at 3s. per lb.**

many years himself used Ridgways China teas, took the opportunity of recommending them to his patients. A most careful selection is made from the new season's teas, and those which are found to combine the greatest delicacy of flavour with the least astringency are used for the "Invalid Tea." Ridgways have unique facilities for the selection of these choice teas, as they have the largest sale of high-grade teas in the world.

### The Latest High-Power Prism Binoculars

A few years ago the manufacture of prism binoculars was almost entirely in the hands of foreign firms, and the few English-made glasses which were on the market were merely copies of Continental patterns. This unsatisfactory condition of the English optical trade has been overcome by Aitchison and Co., who have for some time past been manufacturing prism binoculars of remarkable power.

**The Latest High-Power Prism Binocular**

Having the highest mechanical knowledge and skill at their command, and a factory fitted with the latest appliances, they are able to produce prism binoculars of absolutely original design, English manufacture throughout, and with a magnifying power up to twenty-five diameters, powers which no other manufacturer in the world has equalled. A very large sale has resulted, their glasses now being in use and giving great satisfaction in all parts of the world and in all climates. The secret of this lies in the fact that they are fitted with the Aitchison patent variable (Iris) diaphragms, which enables the user to obtain the best results under all conditions of light. All other glasses have fixed diaphragms, which are set to give the best results on a bright day, and are, therefore, not so suitable for use under varying conditions of atmosphere. Another important feature is that Messrs. Aitchison and Co., of 428, Strand, send all their prism binoculars to the British Government Laboratory at Kew to be verified, and the certificate signed by Dr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S., the director, is a guarantee of the power, definition, etc. This certificate is given with the glass to the purchaser.

### The Holiday Competition

In consequence of the very great interest displayed by the public in Wright's Coal Tar Soap "View" Competition, the proprietors have decided to double the prizes, which will now, therefore, be: First prize, 20 guineas; second, 10 guineas; and third, 6 guineas. These are, of course, well worth trying for, quite apart from the pleasure to be derived from the competition, which consists of supplying the names to a collection of views of holiday resorts. The views are contained in a neat booklet, which can be had free from any chemist, or by enclosing a penny stamp, direct from "Seaside," Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E.

### G.W. and L. & S.W.R.: Increased Facilities

It is announced that on and after September 1, 1910, the return halves of ordinary, tourist, and ordinary week-end tickets between London and Ilfracombe will be available by either the Great Western or London and South Western Company's route.

It will be remembered that a similar arrangement is in existence with Reading, Barnstaple, Plymouth, Exeter, Yeovil, Windsor, etc., and no doubt this latest extension of the facility will be greatly appreciated by the travelling public.

The Great Western Railway are now running their motor observation char-a-banc around London as in previous years for the convenience of visitors from the provinces, America, the Continent, etc. The car, which runs twice daily (10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.) on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays from Paddington Station throughout the summer, is accompanied by a guide-lecturer, and the low charge made for the round trip will, no doubt, as last year, result in the facility being extensively taken advantage of. These motor tours offer an opportunity to make the round of all the principal sights of the capital with comfort and speed.